

VOLUME IX.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, SEP. 10, 1891.

Real Estate Loan and Insurance

EXCHANGE.

I have over 300 of the most desirable Residence Lots in Rhinelander for sale, ranging in price from \$100 to \$500 each. Also many of the finest Business Sites. Time given purchasers who intend building. Time given purchasers who intend buying. Sole agent for all property of M. L. S. & W. R'y Co. Brown Brothers, S. H. Alban and others.

LOANS

I can place any amount of money on improved Real Estate at 40 per cent. of its value, on from 1 to 5 years time, netting from 8 to 10 per cent. interest per annum.

INSURANCE

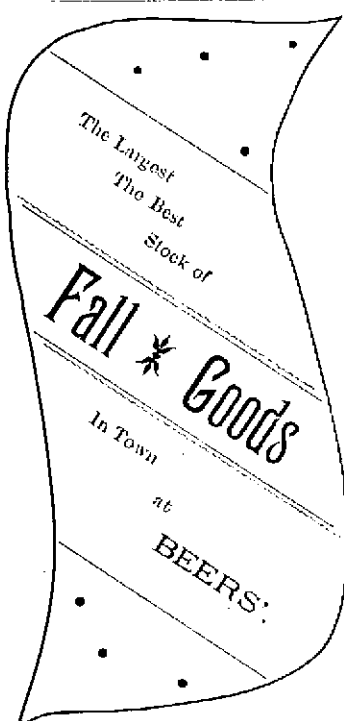
I represent several of the Heaviest and most liberal and reliable Insurance Companies doing business in the world, and make a specialty of writing Fire Insurance at Equitable Rates.

ABSTRACT

The only Abstracts of Oneida County Lands. Two Complete Sets.

Office on Davenport Street.

PAUL BROWNE.



O. F. Wissler

MAKER OF FINE

CIGARS

The "Soo" and O. F. W
ARE OUR SPECIALTIES.

RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

DRY GOODS,
Groceries and Shoes.

Our line of Dry Goods is always well assorted with the newest things in market. Car load of Groceries always in stock. We carry the best and leading makes of Men's, Women's and Children's Fine Shoes, such as The Celebrated John Kelly, McClure, Blaser & Eggert and many other makes. Men's and Women's Furnishing Goods, Clothing Hardware and Lumbermen's Supplies, and a thousand other things too numerous to mention. We are also at the bottom on prices.

SPAFFORD

Oysters at Reed's.

Mrs. Irvin Gray is visiting in New London.

For dry wood, enquire of E. L. Dimick.

Gov. Peck is to deliver an address at the Merrill fair.

Good sleeping rooms to rent. Enquire of L. Horv.

Remember the Hose Company dance Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Krueger were in Milwaukee last week.

Baby carriages—all the styles—all prices—at Hildebrand's.

S. H. Alban was over on the Central line on business this week.

M. H. Raymond is at Stevens Point this week attending the fair.

Prices on photographs lower than ever at Wolcott's new gallery.

Paul Browne and family are visiting at Stevens Point this week.

A. C. Blitch and wife returned from a visit to Grand Rapids, Sunday.

Ed. Brazell and W. L. Beers are co-partners in the logging business.

Crimples, Tomatoes, Hubbard Squash, Sweet Potatoes at Reed's.

District Attorney Shelton was before the supreme court at Madison last week.

M. H. Burnham and son, of Wausau, are fishing near McNaughton, this week.

F. N. Shafer, of Merrill, was in this city a few days this week, visiting his son Mark.

The ladies of the M. E. church will resume their usual monthly supper, Sept. 30.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Turrish are house keeping in their home on the south side.

E. S. Shepard and Archie Siowright have gone out in the woods on an extended cruise.

E. L. Dimick has dry wood, long or short, for sale. Delivered to any part of the city.

The schools opened Monday with a good attendance and every prospect of a successful term.

Trunks and valises of all styles and descriptions and at all prices for sale at M. W. Shafer's.

No finer September weather has been seen in Northern Wisconsin than has been enjoyed this week.

Chas. Belisle arrived from Seattle last week for a visit to his parents. He will probably remain here.

Hettie Bernard Chase at the Grand Opera House, Monday evening next. Tickets at Jenkinson & Binder's.

The largest and finest stock of fall and winter underwear ever shown in Rhinelander, at M. W. Shafer's clothing emporium.

Contractors who desire to bid on building the Rhinelander Brewing Co.'s buildings can examine the plans at Hagen & Beck's next week.

Mark Shafer has just received a large selection of overcoats adapted for fall and winter wear. Call and inspect his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

The social and reception given the new pastor at the Congregational church last evening was attended by a large number and proved a very enjoyable occasion.

It is rumored here this morning that the Land, Log & Lumber company's dam at Minocqua was blown out last evening. M. W. Lloyd, accompanied by Sheriff Mericle, went up there this morning.

James Kennan has platted a portion of his homestead—the part next to the South Park addition. A number of fine lots are thus placed on the market. E. S. Shepard has the agency for them.

F. A. Hildebrand has the finest line of furniture ever shown in the city. Those who desire to purchase furniture of fine style and at reasonable prices need not go to the city for it.

H. A. Buzzell takes off his hat to the school board and to the teachers of our city schools; and gives them a cordial invitation to worship with the Baptist congregation next Sunday night. The subject of evening address will be "Higher Education" or a well developed manhood.

Miss Oella Brown's lecture last evening was listened to with interest by a good sized audience. The lady is unquestionably a talented speaker. She speaks again to-night, and all who can make it possible should attend. Her handling of several well worn questions of temperance and reform are not only unique but forcible.

RHINELANDER BREWING COMPANY.

A New Firm will Build and Operate a Large Brewery Here.

Mr. Henry Danner, of the firm of Danner & Hiegelman, of Jamestown, North Dakota, has been in the city for a week past perfecting plans for the building and operating of a large brewery here. Six lots in Block 6 of the South Park addition has been purchased of the Advancement Association and the building operations will begin as soon as preparations can be made. The firm here will be known as the Rhinelander Brewing Company. Their main building will be 70x120 feet in size, stone foundation and balance of wood. It will have an annual capacity of 10,000 barrels. The plans and specifications are now being drawn by an architect and will be ready for bidders next week. It is expected that they will be ready to begin business in about two weeks. Arrangements have been made for shipping the grains and malts over the "Soo" line.

Died.—Beals.

Mrs. A. L. Beals, formerly Miss Mary Bradley, died at her home in this city, September 3, 1891, in the 30th year of her age. The immediate cause of her demise was heart difficulty although she had been suffering from illness of another nature for some time. Mrs. Beals was a daughter of Mrs. W. C. Elliott of this city, and resided in Omro, Wis., where her remains were taken for interment. A husband and a year old son are left to mourn her loss. They have the sympathy of the entire community.

Considerable barley will be grown in this vicinity next year.

John McDougall will build Brown & Robbins' new mill up in Michigan.

Irvin Gray's new store is nearly completed and will be occupied by him after the 20th inst.

M. J. O'Reilly returned home yesterday from a very successful trip through Indiana and Ohio.

Ladies are all invited to attend the millinery opening at M. Langdon's store next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The United States Weather Bureau has added a new tag to its signals. It is a square, the upper half white and the lower half blue. It indicates local rains.

The Rhinelander ball club allowed Antigo to win a game from them last Friday, by a score of 14 to 5. The game was masked by ball playing of a very yellow order.

Over one hundred visited Wausau Sunday on the excursion and all returned thoroughly disgusted with the manner in which they were treated. A number from Antigo accompanied the excursion and came home with similar feelings.

Mr. Jilson retired from the Fuller House firm last week, disposing of his interest to T. E. Fuller, who in company with Mr. Hoppes constitutes the firm. The Fuller has been doing an excellent business of late, and promises to secure its full share of business right along. Mr. Jilson retains his business at Pennington.

A numerously signed petition has been given the town board, asking that a road be built from Wausau to Rhinelander, a distance of about six miles. At present the only means of travel between the two points is by rail, and the building of a wagon road cannot fail to prove of great convenience and value to both ends of the road.

The "Soo" Line will have on sale Tuesday, August 25, and on Tuesdays, Saturdays, and Tuesdays, thereafter during continuance of the Exposition but not later than September 24, 1891, good to return on or before Monday following date of sale. Round trip tickets from Rhinelander to Minneapolis and return at the rate of \$9.05. This includes admission to the Exposition. Further information can be had at the "Soo" depot.

C. M. CHAMBERS, Agt.

The Wausau papers pretend to think it very funny that they succeeded in bulldozing Rhinelander out of a ball game and afterwards insulted every one of the excursionists. Perhaps it was, but it is a quality of humor that is not appreciated outside of the few who engineered it at Wausau. If there is anything funny in a number of big bullies and grown men cussing up to ladies and blowing a horn in their ear or making faces at them, then they are great humorists. Wausau has nothing to crow over. They were licked fairly at base ball and they know it. Everyone who witnessed the game knows it, and because they so far forgot themselves afterwards as to bring forth the condemnation of their own best citizens is nothing to brag about.

Arthur Rogers was at Stella yesterday on business.

There should be a good turn out at the ball park Sunday to see the final game of the season.

Now is the Time to buy peaches for canning. Fine ones fresh from the orchards, at Reed's.

Notice of Drawing Jurors.

Notice is hereby given that on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1891, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at my office in the court house in the village of Rhinelander, Oneida county, Wisconsin, I shall, pursuant to law proceed to draw the names of thirty-six (36) persons to serve as petit jurors at the next general term of the circuit court for said Oneida county, commencing on the third Monday in October A. D. 1891, being the 19th day of the month.

E. C. STURDEVANT, Clerk of the Circuit Court in and for Oneida county.

Dated August 28th, 1891.

ONEIDA COUNTY, ss. In Municipal Court.

To CHARLES KEEF: You are hereby notified that a warrant of attachment has been issued against you, and your property attached to satisfy the demand of M. Langdon amounting to \$300.75. Now unless you shall appear before Paul Brown, Esq., Municipal Judge, in and for said county, at his office in said town on the 24th day of August, 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will be rendered against you, and your property sold to pay the debt.

Noted this 24th day of August, 1891. M. LANGDON, Plaintiff.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., July 21, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Oneida County, Wis., on October 10, 1891, viz: Henry C. Robbins, H. E. No. 622, for the SW 1/4 Sec. 32, Tp. 37, N. of R. 9 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Robert McDonald, Matt Stapleton, Charles Wymore & Ed. Gime, all of Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

Also John H. Morrison, H. E. No. 621, for the NW 1/4 Sec. 28 and Lots 9 and 10, Sec. 29, Tp. 37, N. of Range 9 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William J. Stevens, Giles J. Coon, Archie Siowright and Matt Stapleton, all of Rhinelander, Wisconsin. E. B. SANDERS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., July 21, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Oneida County, Wis., on October 10, 1891, viz: John A. Cashman, H. E. No. 620, for the SW 1/4 Sec. 3, Lot 1, Sec. 3, Lot 1, Sec. 8 and Lot 1 Sec. 2, Township 37 N. of Range 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Fletcher, Allen J. McKinnon, Thomas McDonald and Otto Olson, all of Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

Dated this 24th day of August, A. D. 1891. ALBAN & BARNES, Attest: Alozo Mericle, Sheriff of Oneida Co.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., September 1, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Oneida County, Wis., on October 10, 1891, viz: Richard Welch, H. E. No. 5917, for the Lots 4 and 5, Sec. 25, Township 37 North of Range 8 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William Boyce, Henry Martin, Lawrence Burke, John A. Stevens, all of Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

Also Lawrence Doyle, H. E. No. 595, for the NW 1/4 Sec. 32, Township 37 N. of Range 8 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Richard Welch, Joseph Kehoe, Peter Lavie, Lawrence Agass, all of Rhinelander, Wis.

Noted this 24th day of August, A. D. 1891. E. B. SANDERS, Register.

NOTICE OF VACATING PART OF VILLAGE PLAT.

Notice is hereby given that the next general term of the circuit court for the County of Oneida, State of Wisconsin, to be held at the Court House, in the Village of Rhinelander, in said county, on the 10th day of October, 1891, at the opening of court on the first day of said term or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, the undersigned Rhinelander Iron Company, a corporation duly organized and existing under the laws of the State of Wisconsin, being the proprietors of a portion of the village plat hereinafter mentioned, will make application to said court for an order and judgment vacating that portion of Messer Street extending from the south line of Philip Street to the north line of the right of way of the Milwaukee Lake Shore and Western Railway Company and the Milwaukee & St. Paul and Northern Pacific Railway Company, the same being a part of the 2nd re-plat of a portion of MHD Lots 6 and 7 and the 3rd re-plat of a portion of Block 6 in the Village of Rhinelander, Oneida County, Wisconsin.

RHINELANDER IRON COMPANY.

Dated July 21st, 1891. By ALBAN & BARNES, Attorneys.

For Genui

JEWELL &

GROCERIES AND

FRESH FRUITS

Creamery and Dairy

Ha

J. B. SCHELL

The Tailor.

I have the finest selections of Summer & Fall Woolens for Gents' wear you ever looked at.

Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

CRANE, FENELON & CO.,

—Always Have on Hand a Full Line of—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

Rhineland Hospital.

RHINELANDER - WIS

A FIRST-CLASS INSTITUTION.

For \$6.00 your doctor's bill, nursing and board is paid, and a home provided you in case of sickness or injury during the period of one year. No man without a home can afford to be without a ticket on this hospital. We will take pleasure in showing you through the hospital at any time.

T. B. McINDOE, Resident Surgeon.

Central Market,

STEVENS ST.

JAS. GLEASON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MEATS, PROVISIONS, FISH AND GAME.

Our customers can rely upon securing good fresh meat, fair treatment and low prices as it can be sold for. We solicit a share of the city trade.

Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.

E. G. SQUIER

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Etc.,

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Faute's Block. Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

low. It's too bad—it's too bad, Dykes, but, indeed, I am sorry for you than for myself to-day." He went rapidly out of the room but turned back a few moments afterwards to say: "Never mind the Whitehaven cottages. I will call and get Tatham to attend to them. The new master of Sweetheart cannot be the old one's agent."

Dykes made no answer; his arms were across the table and his head in them. Tom almost believed that he was crying and for one moment was tempted to say a kinder farewell. But he did not, and on further reflection was glad he did not. Indeed, he rather congratulated himself upon the temperate way in which he had taken the shameful wrong done him; for Tom, at this time, could imagine no circumstances in which it would have been right for such an old servant of Sweetheart to sit as master in his halls.

Dykes' suggestion, however, about his Uncle Peale appeared to be a good one and he determined to go to see him before he made any other move. What kind of a man he might be Tom had not the least idea, for in those days people did not distribute photographs broadcast and a cotton spinner was an unknown person in Tom's little world.

He found him a very hapsing-looking man, tall, stout, blonde, with his hands in his pockets and that air of "What have I got to pay?" about him so common to the rich Englishman. He looked indifferently at the tall, handsome fellow who lifted his hat and approached him until Tom, in his usual confident *bon homie*, said:

"Good morning, uncle! How do you do?"

"Well, by George! What, who are you?"

"Tom Sweetheart."

"God bless you, Tom. Why, I never thought of such a thing. You are welcome, sir, very welcome."

Tom, indeed, could not know how welcome for the one bit of romance which Josiah Peale cherished was the memory of his love-match with the beautiful Mary Sweetheart, the late baron's sister. Mary had lived only ten months after the marriage, and after her death and Josiah's second marriage, the Sweethearts had quite ignored the temporary connection, but still that Josiah Peale, in Josiah's manner, like a charmed interval, love laden and rose colored. To have Mary's nephew come smiling in, and greet him as uncle, was a real delight. He gave Tom both hands and took him home in a kind of triumph.

Mrs. Peale was equally ready to like such a cheery, splendid-looking youth. Her own two daughters had been long married; one was in Bradford, the other in Halifax. She was very glad of some new object in her monotonous life, and very soon the stately house of the Peales began to be thrown open and to echo to young, light footsteps and laughter and song.

Josiah, though very sensitive to the glory of his high social position, had all the Englishman's veneration for "family," his connection with the house of Sweetheart divided with his commercial success his proudest and deepest sentiments. When, therefore, after Tom had been a year in the mills, he added the old name of Sweetheart to the firm, he felt that everything had been done for the honor of the house of Peale that was possible.

Nearly three years passed, and so happily that Tom began to forget his purpose, and to feel that ring on his finger a reproach. For he was spending all his income, and his uncle frankly told him that a share in the firm was that he could justly give him. One day, when he was very dissatisfied with himself, he thought he would go home and talk things freely over with his aunt. On entering her parlor he found it darkened, and she came forward with an imperative "Hush!" pointing to a couch, whereon lay a beautiful girl in a deep sleep.

"She has had an accident and a narcotic, and must not be awakened."

"Who is she?"

"Eleanor Broadbent."

"How lovely she is! Why is she here?"

Had been unexpectedly calling on me after her three weeks' absence at school. Her horses took fright, she was thrown out and brought back here. Poor little Nellie!"

Tom stood a moment looking at the exquisite face, the loosened glory of the rich brown hair, and the graceful girlish figure, and went on to lip-tips, a completely enthralled and charmed man. Every meeting with Nellie made him more so, and being on terms of frankest confidence with his uncle, he very soon asked "what chances there were in his favor? Would his gentle blood stand for anything?"

"Not a farthing's worth with old Broadbent. He came to Manchester without a crown, and considers the mayor of Manchester quite as great a person as a royal duke."

"And his daughter will have a great fortune?"

"I don't think she is his daughter; seems to me her mother was Broadbent's sister—but daughter or niece, it is all one, she will have everything. Not much chance there, Tom, unless you have money with your birth."

But for some reason best known to himself and his aunt, Tom thought differently. Mrs. Peale, indeed, laughed at her husband's doubts, and thought "Nellie Broadbent would choose for herself." Doubtless Mrs. Peale knew that she had good reasons for her confident opinions. Anyway, Tom began now to seriously improve the business advantages his uncle had so generously opened to him; and no sooner had he set his heart upon making money than everything set with him in the same direction.

He got a letter from Tatham, of Whitehaven, offering to give him four thousand pounds for his cottages; and before he could reply, Dykes, who had never noticed him since they parted, wrote and begged him on no account to sell just yet. The railway mania was just then beginning, and Josiah readily divined the cause of these letters.

"Some new company is needing your land, Tom. I'd do what Dykes says, for he is a shrewd scoundrel; and though I don't see his drift, I think here you may safely follow his lead."

One morning he found among his letters one from Tatham, offering in the name of the Whitehaven & Lancaster Railway Company, twenty thousand pounds for his cottages—the land on which they stood having become absolutely necessary for a depot. Tom asked thirty thousand pounds, and got it. Strangely enough, no sooner was the transaction completed than Dykes wrote, offering to sell Sweetheart back again for thirty thousand pounds.

"The old rascal has got the railway fever; it will be for your Nemeses, Tom. Will you accept his offer? Don't you think you could do better with the thirty thousand pounds?"

Tom hesitated, and his uncle watched him keenly. But it was only for a moment. His eyes fell upon the ring, and he said:

"It may be a foolish sentiment to you, uncle, but to me it is the redemption of my word and honor. I shall go and buy Sweetheart back to-morrow."

"Good, lad! You will be none the worse moment for being a gentleman; and they keep money best who keep truth and honor first. But why not go to-day?"

"I must see Mr. Broadbent about Nellie; they are in trouble, and Nellie will feel every hour's delay a wrong."

"You will get nothing there now, lad."

"All I want is Nellie. A gentleman values truth and honor and love above money, uncle."

Josiah laughed heartily.

"You have me there, Tom. Nellie is a good girl, and welcome to thee."

Mr. Broadbent's losses had inclined him to listen respectfully to Tom's offer.

"It is wonderful," he replied, "how often we lift the broken threads in life's warp. Nellie is not my daughter; she is my niece; but no daughter could be dearer; and she was born at Sweetheart. Now you ask her back there—it is strange enough."

"Yes, my sister married the steward. It was a very unhappy match; but we'll let the past alone. She left him when her daughter was five years old and came to me. With all her faults she was my twin sister, and I loved her."

Tom was almost staggered. He knew that Dykes' wife had left him, and he had heard that Dykes had a daughter. But he was the only subject of the steward allowed no one to speak about, and Tom never dreamed that Eleanor Broadbent could be that daughter. It cost him a few minutes' fierce struggle to accept the circumstances, but he did it, and before he left Nellie that night, had taught himself to believe that the father's debt was cancelled in the love and loveliness of the daughter.

He went to Sweetheart the next day, and found both house and gardens in such beautiful keeping that he rejoiced over and over in the prospect of being his master again. Dykes offered him his hand as he dismounted at the garden gate, and this time Tom took it. "The old man's eyes were full of happy tears as he said:

"Thank God, you took my hand this time, sir."

"Yes, Dykes, and I am come to ask you, also, for the hand of your daughter. I shall be a miserable baron of Sweetheart unless Eleanor Dykes is its lady."

"My daughter! My daughter! Oh, Master Tom, where is she?"

"Then Tom told Dykes all about his love, and this time the listener was eager as the lover; before the sale of Sweetheart was mentioned Dykes and Tom were clasping each other's hands and promising to be eternally true to each other."

As soon as they were in the old parlor, Tom said:

"Now, father, I will buy back Sweetheart again."

"My dear lad, it has never been really mine. I told you that Sweetheart was mine; that I might save you. It nearly broke my heart when you left me black day, and it has been no light thing to bear my neighbors' ill-will and scorn; but you'll forgive me, Tom. I never would have been false, save that I might be the more true to you, and I had your father's blessing on the plan."

"And your plan, my second father, has made a man of me, won me the dearest friends, and the best and best of wives. I can make money as well as spend it now, and together we will make Sweetheart the most beautiful barony in Cumberland."

"For six hundred years there has always been a Dykes to stand by a Sweetheart."

"And now always they will own Sweetheart together."

People call Tom a cotton lord, and men who stick strictly to their lands and dignities affect to look down upon him. But today there is not a richer or happier man in the North country, and in his vast works and enterprises thousands take their daily bread from his hands, and I bless him as the best as well as the noblest of masters.

Dykes and Uncle Josiah were equally proud of him, though sometimes they did not quite agree as to which of them had the greatest share in saving the ruined house of Sweetheart—Annela E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger.

Life Made Comfortable.
Borein—Still living in Jersey, eh?
Hostler—Yes, I have no thought of coming back to the city.

Borein—But it must be very inconvenient, forty minutes by train and fifteen by boat every day, and you've got to catch both right on the minute.

Hostler—That's what I like about it. You see when people buttonhole me and get to talking, all I have to do is to jerk out my watch, matter something about train time, and I get away without giving offense. See?

Borein—Ha, ha! That's good. That reminds me of a little thing Sapha had was telling me by the way. It's train time now. Ta-ta!—N. Y. Weekly.

Better Weather.
Maid—You got home early, Mr. Blinks. Shall I call Mrs. Blinks?
Mr. Blinks (who loves a joke)—Don't tell her I am here. Just say a gentleman wishes to see her in the parlor.

"I'm afraid you'll get tired."

"Tired?"

"Yes, sir. She'd spend about two hours makin' herself look pretty."—N. Y. Weekly.

It Came High.
"So you have been out in the wild west? Is it true that they hold human life so cheap out there?"

Driven By a Lady.
Frate Purchaser—See here! You said that horse you sold me had been driven by a lady for two years. He ran away the first time my wife tried to drive him.

Dealer—That horse was driven by a lady for two years, just as I said, and no one kin contradict it, nuther.

"Humph! That's very strange. Who was the lady?"

"Madame Ludowski."

"Who is she?"

"She's the female cannon ball thrower in Fontenot's circus."—Good News.

His Duty Well Done.
Mr. Statute—So your sister keeps you well supplied with pocket money, does she?

Tommy—Yes.

Statute—I presume you have to render some little account of it.

Tommy (yawning)—Oh, yes. I have to come in and yawn when visitors are staying too late.—Yankee Blade.

AS SEEN BY UNACUSTOMED EYES.

Pat (politely accosting lady with fashionable trailing skirt)—Mum, I beg pardon, but hadn't yez better give yure suspender a hitch?—Judge.

For Future Reference.
He—Is your father wealthy?
She—Yes.
He—Is he old?
She—Very.
He—Mother dead?
She—Yes.
He—Is your temper good?
She—They say so.

He—Well, I'll make a memorandum and perhaps I may see you again before the close of the season. Life.

Could Not Be.
The simplest and most elementary truths may be stated in such a way as to impress something of the charm of novelty.

"Why," said Mrs. Bronson, as the clock struck, "it is only one o'clock. I thought it was two."

"No, mum," said Bridget, "it's niver later than one at this time of day."—Harper's Bazar.

The Height of Excitement.
Mrs. Hayseed (talkin' bout airs, the most airish, exclusive, stuck up thing I ever saw is that Mrs. Hayford, on the next farm).

City Guest—Proud, is she?
Mrs. Hayseed (laughing)—As a princess. Why, she's so stuck up she won't take a summer boarder till July.—Good News.

An Anti-Revolutionist.
Jawkins (in the menagerie)—It's jolly odd, this wastefulness of nature. Hogg—What now, Mr. Crank?

Jawkins—Why, here's the kangaroo with a pocket, and nothing to put in it, and the girl who's looking at the beast has her handkerchief, gloves, purse and umbrella in hand, and no available pocket.—Texas Sittings.

Time to Stop Fooling.
Dr. Gruff (to fashionable patient)—It's merely the same old ailment, my dear madam.

Mrs. Style—Oh, no, doctor; I really am ill now.

Dr. Gruff—If that is really so I'll have to change the whole course of treatment!—Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

A Short-Sighted Man.
She—What do you mean, sir, by speaking to me in the street? I want you to understand that I am a respectable married lady.

He—Excuse me, but I'm so short-sighted that at first glance I cannot distinguish a married lady from any other lady.—Texas Sittings.

After the Tea.
He—Well, we won't quarrel about it any more, but just let it go, is it, eh?
She—Yes, but, George, dear, for the sake of the future—and a harmonious future—I think you would better acknowledge before we drop it altogether that you were wrong! Don't you, dear?

—Puck.

Hard Lines.
Briggs—You know that old suit of mine? I sold it for ten dollars to-day.

Griggs—How nice!

Briggs—Not at all. I had to take the money and make the first payment on my tailor's bill.—Clothes and Furnishings.

A Natural Consequence.
Tom Barry—Sorry, old man, but I learned to-day that her mother objects to you!

Jack Dashing—Good! From what I know of human nature, that will prejudice both the girl and her father in my favor. I'm a lucky dog.—Life.

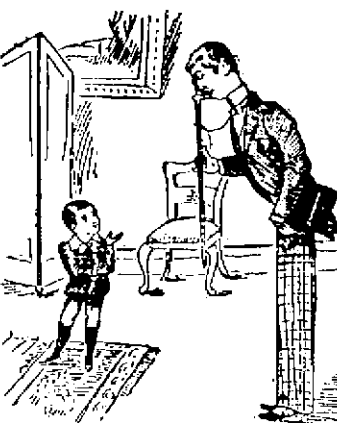
A Milk Shake.

Easy Work.
"Well, of all the ways of makin' a livin'," said Blinks, "I think literature is the easiest."

"The easiest?"

"Yes, I've watched the fellows that do it. All a man's got to do is to sit down and slide his pen over the paper."—Jura.

EARLY INTELLIGENCE.



Small Boy—You're in love with my sister, aren't you?
Sappo—How do you know that?
Small Boy—Because you're always sending her presents, just like Mr. Brown, who's going to marry her.—Munsey's Weekly.

Going to Stay in Canada.
An inquisitive man on a train on the New York Central going out of New York was seated next to a fashionably-dressed young man, who looked as if he might be a bank clerk.

"Going to Poughkeepsie?" asked the inquisitive.

"Yes."

"Going to stay there?"

"No, I'm going on to Albany."

"Going to stay in Albany?"

"No, I'm going to Niagara Falls."

"Going to stay there?"

"No, I'm going on to Montreal."

The inquisitive man smiled, nodded his head, as much as to say: "Now I know all about you," and finally added:

"Well, I guess you are going to stay in Canada, ain't you?"—Texas Sittings.

Very Simple.
Tangle—I've struck an idea that will save millions of dollars to this country every year.

Brown—Indeed! What is it?
Tangle—You know the last two inches of a cigar have to be thrown away, because you can't smoke them. Well, I'm going to take out a patent on a cigar that won't have any last two inches, because I'll make it just two inches shorter than usual. Simple, isn't it?—Munsey's Weekly.

Under the Tree.
Wife—I see you are advertising a free excursion, with a lunch and a brass band, to your sale of lots at Paradiseville.

Husband (a real estate agent)—Yes, my dear, we'll have a big crowd, too.

"I should like to go. It will be a delightful trip, I am sure."

"The ride will be pleasant enough, my dear, but think how you will suffer from the heat and mosquitoes when you get there."—Good News.

A PROVERB ILLUSTRATED.

A Natural Mistake.
Hyde—I saw Charlie Panshawe on Mielgarden avenue this afternoon.

Parker—That's impossible, for Charlie started for Europe yesterday.

Hyde—Well, then it must have been some dude with a dog and cane just like his.—Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

The Wrong Measure.
Employment Agent—Those are fine recommendations that girl has, mum. Shall I send for her to come and talk with you?

Mrs. Bronston—Is she tall or short?
"Rather tall, mum; but—"

"Is she fat or thin?"

"Rather stout, mum; a good, strong girl."

"Is she stouter than I am?"

"Oh, yes, mum, a good deal."

"She won't do. She'd split the seams of every dress I have."—N. Y. Weekly.

That Would Fit Them.
Wife—I'm terribly afraid of that band of gypsies that came into the neighborhood yesterday.

Husband—Well, if any of them call here to-day get rid of them the best way you can.

Wife—But suppose they won't go?
Husband—Oh, well; if the worst comes to the worst just invite them in and give them some of that angel-cake.

Force of Habit.
Summer Boarder—Why, Mr. Wheatley, what on earth is that going doing on your lawn?

Mr. Wheatley—Well, ma'am, there a'ir horses my son Zeke bought from a city railway company, and the tannal critters won't budge an inch till they hears that signal, so I have ter humor 'em.—Harper's Bazar.

Irresistible.
He—Ethelinda, be mine. I am young, well born—

She—But, Mr. Samson, I do not—

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Baked Tomatoes: Wash five or six smooth tomatoes, cut a small piece from the stem end and put a little salt, pepper and a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg in each. Place them in a dish, and bake in a moderate oven for almost an hour, and serve them hot.—Boston Herald.

—Tomato Sandwiches: Slice some ripe tomatoes and pour over them a very little vinegar and oil and sprinkle lightly with pepper. Prepare bread and butter for the sandwiches, and lay the tomato slices between the slices of bread. Thin slices of cucumbers may be added with advantage.—N. Y. World.

—Artificial Coral: may be made of four parts of yellow resin and one part vermilion, melted together. Twigs, cinders or stones dipped in this assume the appearance of coral and are applicable to grotto or fancy work as a substitute for that costly material. Or wrap wire with candlewick, twist into the shape of coral branches and dip into the resin.—Detroit Free Press.

—Fruit Cake: One cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of shortening, two eggs, two tablespoons of soda, three cups of flour, two cups of dried apples (before soaking). Beat and stir in one egg, and add raisins and spices to suit. Soak the apples over night. In the morning put in molasses and sugar, boiling down until quite thick.—Detroit Free Press.

—Chocolate Cream Filling: Mix together (dry) a quarter of a cake of chocolate (grated), half of a level tablespoonful of sifted flour, three tablespoons of granulated sugar, and a pinch of salt. Set one and a half tea-cupfuls of milk on to cook, and when boiling briskly, stir in the mixture. Ingredients, allowing them a few moments to cook. When the chocolate is thoroughly melted, remove from the fire and add a teaspoonful of vanilla. It will thicken to a cream when cool. There will be sufficient for three layers.—Good Housekeeping.

—White Mountain Rolls: Four cups of flour, one cup of milk, one-quarter cup of butter, two tablespoons of sugar, one-third cake of compressed yeast, half teaspoonful of salt, white of one egg, beaten stiff. Have the milk warm. Add the butter melted, warm but not hot, salt, sugar, yeast and the flour. Mix well; then the white of the egg, the last thoroughly mixed in with the hand. Let them rise over night. In the morning roll into shape, cut and roll over or make in any other form. Bake in a quick oven after they have stood one hour.—Boston Herald.

—Such a Shortbread: Take three-quarters of a pound of fine flour, half a pound of butter, six ounces of sugar, cream the butter, and add the sugar and flour. When thoroughly mixed turn onto a floured board and roll out quarter of an inch thick, and into a large round or oval shape. Mark it prettily round the edge (I use a key), and lay it upon a baking sheet. Do not butter the paper, but fold it in four to prevent the bread from burning at the bottom. Little bits of candied peel, or candied drops, may be sprinkled over the top for festive occasions. The oven should be rather cool, the shortbread, when baked, a pale, delicate brown.—Detroit Free Press.

—Pretty Summer Gowns.
A bright red China silk, at fifty cents, made with a full front and sides and a fan back, with a tiny row of black, gimp heading the hem. Basque, having a pointed back and round front, with Modici collar and a girdle of black cord. High coat sleeves. Striped waist silks are picked up at the close of the season for fifty to sixty cents, that have been seventy-five to eighty cents. One of blue and beige stripes is selected for a pretty home gown for the fall. The skirt has a blue velvet border, headed with a half-inch band of gilt galloon. The bodice has a yoke and corslet of velvet, edged with gilt; and the high sleeves have two rows on the wrists. Striped woolen goods are now picked up in short dress lengths for a skirt and sleeves; and a basque, or plain material, trimmed with silk gimp.

Hyde—Well, then it must have been some dude with a dog and cane just like his.—Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

Hot Water for Wounds.
It is a fact not generally known, even to good nurses, that one of the greatest reliefs to the intense and agonizing pain from a wound is to place as nearly as possible to the wound (but being extremely careful not to touch it) a rubber bag, filled with water at the boiling point. Its effect is as quieting as an opiate, and it has no bad effects which an opiate always has. Care must be taken that the bag be new and strong, not too full, and that the top is screwed on tight. To scald the patient might be fatal, and certainly would be torture. Never use for such applications of very hot water anything except a rubber bottle, for glass and even stone bottles are not only liable to break but to become uncorked.—American Agriculturist.

Omelet With Tomatoes.
Break five eggs into a kitchen basin, and give them twelve vigorous beats with a spoon. Put into a frying-pan, but not the size of an egg when it begins to boil, pour in the eggs. With a spoon draw up the whitened egg at the bottom, so that all the eggs may be equally cooked, or whitened to a soft creamy substance. Place in the center three or four whole tomatoes which have been boiled a few minutes previously and seasoned. Shake the omelet a little on one side and turn with a spoon half of one side over the other, allow it to remain a moment and toss it on a warm platter. When the omelet is turned of course the tomatoes will be quite enveloped. Serve with tomato sauce poured around it.—Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving.

A Modish Jacket.
Navy blue and gilt continues to be a favorite combination. A modish jacket is of navy blue vicuna cloth, bound with silk braid of the same shade and ornamented with gilt buttons. The skirt of the jacket is cut in round tabs. The stomacher is of fine blue cloth closely wrought in the same way. The hat worn with this navy blue is particularly stylish. It shows the small crown and medium flaring brim which promises to be a favorite shape during the coming fall.—Chicago Post.

—Now.
boy's name spell another mile, ah—N. Y. Weekly.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—A man never expresses so much in his face as when he is trying to appear unconcerned.

—When a man has run his race in this world and the end comes he is out of breath.—N. O. Picayune.

—It requires years to make one saint, but sinners can be turned out at the rate of a dozen a minute.—Texas Sittings.

—Quite a Puzzle.—It is hard to understand why playing football is considered easier than sawing wood.—Kain's Form.

—If we could only see ourselves as others see us the probability is that most of us would look the other way.—Bemerville Journal.

—It is generally the negro that carries the largest number of razors on his person who has the most scars on his face.—Acheson Globe.

—There is a good deal of speculation about astronomical studies, but the astronomer seldom gets rich out of it.—Binghamton Republican.

—The men who do not agree on any possible points of doubt are the ones that seem to find the most pleasure in each other's society.—Washington Post.

—Let a man live for himself all his life, and the only pleasure he will have left when he is fifty is that which he finds in hating his enemies.—Acheson Globe.

—One man finds satisfaction in the thought that he is as good as others, and another in the knowledge that others are no better than he is.—Indianapolis Journal.

—Probably no one in this wide world is ever in a state of perfect satisfaction, but the homely girl with her first engagement ring on comes pretty near it.—Somerville Journal.

—A society which invariably represses what is highest in the best sort of men is an evil society. A civilization which destroys faith in genius, in heroism, in sanctity, is the forerunner of barbarism. Individuality is man's noblest triumph over fate, his most heavenly assertion of the freedom of the soul, and a world in which individuality is made impossible is a slavish soul.—Bishop Spaulding.

—A fool always wants to shorten space and time; a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and time; a wise man first to gain them, then to animate them. Your railroad, when you come to understand it, is only a device for making the world smaller, and as for being able to talk from place to place, that is indeed well, and convenient, but suppose you have, originally, nothing to say?—Ruskin.

Kindly Done.
It was a very cold morning in the month of March, in the great city of Chicago, writes a youthful contributor. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph streets selling newspapers. He was very thick and kept trotting up and down, trying hard to keep warm. His voice was hoarse from cold, and as he passed by could hardly hear him shout. Some rude boys jeered and laughed at him; but one, about thirteen years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments walked up to him and said, "Shall I shout for you?" The old man thought the boy was making fun of him and told him to "be off," but the boy began to call out, "Morning News, Times or Herald," in a clear, shrill voice, which attracted so many customers that in a little while the old man had sold all his stock. He offered to divide the profits with his youthful partner, but the boy would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.—Youth's Companion.

—A Sensible Man in Walla Walla, Wash., says that he sees no prospect of solving the problem of practical aerial navigation without the use of birds. He proposes that a light bamboo car be built and to this be attached 100 geese or ducks which have been previously trained to fly in any direction indicated. He estimates that these will be able to carry the car and a man weighing 150 pounds. He expects the right to be called a sensible man by arguing that some one else try the experiment. After one has made an ass of himself by being carried half a mile or so heavenward by such a team, says the Detroit Free Press, he would be apt to wish he could make a goose of himself and so reach the ground in safety.

Up in London—the bell of St. Paul's—Mail and Express.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

Tower's Improved SLICKER
is Guaranteed Absolutely Water-Proof. Will Not Peel or Leak. Soft Woolen Collar. Watch Out!

Many Witnesses.
100,000 witnesses testify to the virtues of Dr. Tetter's Pills. Wherever Dr. Tetter's Pills are sold, they have proven a great blessing. Read a single trial and you will convince you that this is no cheap penny medicine. They are the best medicine ever made.

Gains Fifteen Pounds.
"I have been using Tetter's Pills for some time. Up to this time everything I ate and drank, I lost. I can now stand up and gain fifteen pounds of solid flesh. I feel like a new man."—J. W. Tetter

A MEER LITTLE MAN.

His Peculiar Experience with a Huge African Lion.

Leonine Courage Suddenly Developed in an Editor Who for Years Had Been Considered a Rabbit—How the Transformation Came About.

(Special Letter.)
Bradley was editor and proprietor of a small country newspaper published in a hilly district of southern Kentucky. He was a meek little man, with large ears and large eyes that bespoke the patience of a cow. In the community of Gray's Point he was a sort of father confessor, in that to him were brought all sorts of complaints and schemes of revenge. Honest people who at least once a week made public profession of love for their fellow man would steal up the rickety stairway leading to Bradley's office and whisper against a neighbor the insinuating words of scandal. Bradley's weakness was his desire to please everybody, not at all, for he knew that to be an impossibility, but to give each one his turn. At a time of anger he was more strongly tempted to shoot a big man than a



"WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT SOME OF THOSE FELLOWS?"

little one, for we content ourselves with merely slapping the little fellow. Bradley did not escape the slapping. Bless you! he had been slapped over nearly every available foot of Gray's Point.

"Why don't you shoot some of those fellows that are constantly slapping you?" a friend once asked.

"I hadn't thought of that," Bradley answered. "I'll try it."

He didn't, though, for that very afternoon when he went out on the street a man who had been promised a notice in the paper, and who had not received it, slapped the editor first one way and then another until he was quite worn out.

"It's getting to be pretty bad," he said, when he went back into the office. "They not only slap me for what I write, but are beginning to slap me for what I fail to publish. I don't know exactly what to do. The newspaper business is getting worse every year. I actually believe that I have in me the soul of some ancient rabbit. I know that I never had the heart to kill a rabbit. Probably it's because I don't wish to inflict punishment upon a member of my own family. I wish I had inherited the spirit of a lion, and I might just as well have done so, for there were no doubt a large number of unemployed lion spirits at the time of my birth. I wonder if there isn't some way to remedy this. The air all about me may be filled with lion's souls. Why can't I induce one to drive out the rabbit and take his place?"

"Are you talking to me, sir?" the office boy asked.

"No," Bradley answered. "I'd like to have two tickets when the show comes," said the boy. "They say they've got over so many animals."

"I'm not talking about any show. When was Bradshaw here?" the editor asked, taking up a card.

"Just awhile ago."

"What did he want?"

"Wanted to kick you downstairs, he said."

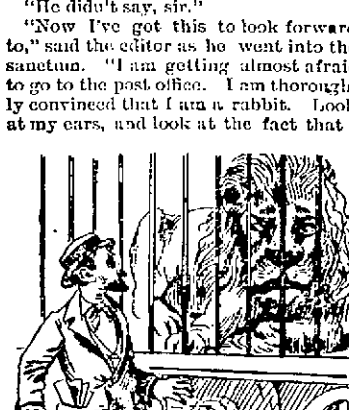
"What for, I should like to know?"

"For giving the Beussons that slam. He's their cousin."

"Well, but why doesn't he go and kick the Pattersons? They were the cause of it."

"He didn't say, sir."

"Now I've got this to look forward to," said the editor as he went into the sanctum. "I am getting almost afraid to go to the post office. I am thoroughly convinced that I am a rabbit. Look at my ears, and look at the fact that I



"YOU ARE AFRAID OF ME," SAID THE LION.

could never eat rabbit. See how I am frightened when I hear a dog bark. Now if I could only be a dog—anything but a rabbit. I think, though, the lion would suit me better. When that show comes I'm going to see if I can't do something. I'm going to study the lion anyway. That last slapping I got made me as cross as a frost-bitten chicken. I'll sit down here awhile and wait until that fellow Bradshaw comes back. I am afraid to go out. I've got to work all night and I can't sleep to-morrow for I want to see the show. I reason I might as well get as much work done as possible before Bradshaw does come. Join," he called, entering the composing room, "we've got to pull out if we expect to see that show. We'd better put the forms on the press right now."

The shadows on the public square grew long, the courthouse bell tolled the hour of six, and yet Bradshaw did not come. On they worked, the long-abused editor and the eager boy. They lighted the lamps and continued to make the old hand press groan. Daylight came and the work was completed. The editor scarcely knew how he passed the morning, but suddenly he

found himself looking at the circus parade. "What an immense lion," he thought, looking into a cage. "I shall cultivate you, old fellow."

He was eager for the doors to be opened, and when he was finally able to shove his way in, he went at once to the lion's cage and stood there. No other animal had any attraction for him. Suddenly the lion gave him a peculiar wink, and instantly Bradley felt a strange thrill. He was almost alone, the crowd having passed on to the cage of monkeys.

"I should like to know what he means by that wink," said the editor. "Come up closer and I will tell you," the lion answered.

Bradley sprang back in alarm, but soon recovering himself he approached the cage.

"You are afraid of me," said the lion, "but I do not wonder at it since you are a rabbit."

"Why, how did you know that?"

"Oh, it is plain to be seen; and I suppose everyone takes advantage of it."

"They do," said the editor, speaking in a low tone. "I am kicked and slapped all over this town. How I wish I were a lion."

"Come up closer. Now, let me tell you something. I have been thinking for a long time that I should like to force my spirit out of this cage into the body of some poor, abused man—in other words, to drive the rabbit out of him and take his place."

"Gracious alive!" said the editor; "it's the very thing I've been praying for. But say, can such a thing be done?"

"I think so. I will lie down here and you must get around at the end of the cage and gaze into my eyes, and no matter how you feel don't run away. When my spirit is gone of course my body will be dead, but what do I care for that?"

Bradley stepped around to the end of the cage and began to gaze into the lion's eyes. Suddenly he felt a sense of extreme fright, and he would have run away had he not remembered what the lion had told him. Suddenly a fluttering excitement arose in his bosom and then—Bradley could scarcely believe it—he knew that he was a lion, and he wondered how it was that he could ever have been afraid of anything. He turned away from the cage of the dead lion, full of revenge, and seeing one of the Taylors in the crowd, he walked up, tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"I want to see you a moment."

The Taylor looked round, and, seeing Bradley, began to tremble. Bradley took him by the ear, conducted him to the door of the tent and kicked him out. He returned to the crowd and saw two of the Graysons. He walked up to them and said:

"I have business with both of you. Come with me."

One of the Graysons answered: "Go away or I will shoot you."

"Touch your pistol," said Bradley, "and I will make you eat it. Come with me, I tell you."

They tremulously followed him, and conducting them to the outside of the tent he kicked them into the street.

"I will now go and look for that fellow Bradshaw," said the editor. "He

was going to kick me downstairs the other day. I will make him eat his hat and then mail him into a jelly. Yonder is Bob Lyles. I used to think that he was a quiet and gentlemanly fellow. I can now see that he is a rabbit. Ah, and yonder is old Sam Fitch. It does not take a lion's eye to discover that he is a hog. He owes me for a year's subscription. I wonder where I can find that infernal Bradshaw? How the people stare at me. The news of my bravery and revenge must be spreading. What that crowd of people doing yonder?" he asked of a hurrying man.

"A fellow has just shot a man, and I swear that no person shall arrest him."

"We'll see about that," said the editor, hastening onward. The murderer, a powerful fellow, stood in the corner of a lot with a shotgun in his hand. Without uttering a word, the editor leaped over the fence and advanced upon the wretch. The murderer raised his gun and fired.

Bradley sprang to his feet. The office boy was pounding on the door. He had dropped off to sleep just after entering the sanctum and had been dreaming.

"What's the matter?" Bradley exclaimed.

"Mr. Bradshaw is coming up the front stairway, sir."

"As I guess I'll go down the back way," he said, still running his little paper, and he noticed the other day that in his latest issue he had been indirectly drawn into saying something about the Smiths.

Deserved Repayments.

Jasper—What do you think of that for a fish story?

Jumpuppe—You should get it patented.

Jasper—Why?

Jumpuppe—It is such a marvelous invention.—Harper's Bazar.

Just Possible.

"Do any street cars run on this track?" she inquired. "I'm a stranger in Detroit. If I walk on will they overtake me?"

"They may, ma'am—this is an age of miracles." Was the startling answer.—Detroit Free Press.

Playing on His Piano.

Ontiv—I suppose that when you talk French to Waite you are telling him something you want the rest of us to know nothing about?

Ontiv—Not at all, my dear fellow. I am telling him something I want him to know nothing about.—Puck.

All a Bust.

"Men are not born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

"They are born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse belief."

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

THE GHOST.

One summer day not long ago, "Two in vacation time I know. We took our dinner, Jack and I—Some sugar-cookies and some pie. And with our bickery cravens about We bravely for the woods set out. The sun was hot. Jack's face was red. As they went on, Jack's face was red. And he said to me, 'I like a piece of flannel with a coat of grease. But we both laughed, and didn't care. And let the wind blow through our hair. And we went on, and on, and on. We reached the bottom of the hill. Just where the trees began to throw Their shadows on the grass below; And there we played at Indian; then We ate a while, and played again."

And by and by a path we found That through the forest led and wound. Jack said it was an Indian trail, But I said "coast." Then Jack grew pale, Got awful mad, and wouldn't budge. Until I'd holled a "faugh!" "A dozen times or so, and then We wandered on and on again; Till suddenly a flash of light, Before us gleaming white, And we both felt cold shivers run Clear down our spines. It wasn't long. "A ghost!" I cried. The wind swept by; We thought it heard a wailing sigh, And dead as though with cold spook's. A score of ghosts were at our heels.

But courage soon returned, and Jack Declared that "I'm going back!" So back we crept, still half afraid. Through strips of shade and plots of shade, And before us suddenly. There stood, as plain as plain could be, Our dreadful ghost—a white birch tree! —Clinton Scotland, in N. Y. Independent.

CLARISSA'S RESCUE.

How a Famous Talking Doll was Saved from a Watery Grave.

A clean, safe, shining beach where each wave, as it rolled in, seemed to try to outdo the other waves in gently washing the bright sand.

A big, good-looking Newfoundland dog, with wooden pail in his mouth, and trotting by his side a sweet little girl.

"My gracious me, Rover," said Amy—his name was only Rover, but she always called him "My gracious me, Rover!"—I guess it's lucky we didn't bring Amanda; the wind would snarl her curls, and if she got sand in her shoes it would make her real cross."

The beach was in full view from the summer cottage where Amy's mother and Amanda could see the little girl and her dog.

After digging, with Rover's earnest help, a big hole, and piling up the sand so as to make a kind of throne, Amy began to gather treasures to place around it. Rover was equally interested in this, and when they had dug the biggest shells and those were arranged around the throne with smooth pebbles and bits of seaweed; but the seaweed was what Rover most liked hunting for, and he was not contented with dragging up the pieces which were already on the shore, but insisted on swimming in the beautiful, cool, green waves after bits of floating weed; while Amy, wild with joy, danced up and down seizing the pieces as soon as they were out of the wet, and urging Rover to renewed efforts.

Suddenly he swam farther out than usual, and seemed to be after a mysterious object bobbing up and down in the waves in a most comical way. It almost seemed alive, and Amy fancied she could see it give signals of distress; then some wave larger than usual would for a moment briefly conceal it.

But Rover was not to be daunted, and on he swam; finally he turned and went round in a circle; then she knew he must be examining it. Suddenly he went straight at it, then a big wave with a roar splashed over him, and both he and the mysterious object disappeared. But the water has no terrors for a Newfoundland dog, and a moment later Rover, with something in his mouth, loomed up over the breakers, and quickly reached the shallow water, where he stood for an instant, proud as a king, while Amy, on seeing what he held, dropped her pail and shovelled in amazement.

And what do you suppose it was? A great, big, yellow-haired doll! Yes, a real doll; clothed in what was once a beautiful gown.

With a cry of astonishment Amy rushed for the treasure and pressed her, all dripping wet in her warm arms. The poor doll's eyes were closed and she seemed very cold.

Then Amy remembered the rules she had heard about how to revive people who were nearly drowned. First she laid the doll down on the hot sand, and gently patted her back, while a lot of water came out of her mouth.

Next, she quickly took off some of her wet clothes, which, even in her excitement, she noticed were very rich and fashionable. Then, after giving her a gentle rubbing, she remembered the pictures of collyer, a half-drowned person over a barrel, she seized her little wooden pail and began rolling the doll on it. Suddenly she heard a very faint, queer voice saying:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How—I-won-der-what-you-are?"

"My gracious me," almost yelled Amy, holding the doll at arm's length. "How I wonder what you are! My Amanda can say papa and mamma, but I never before heard a poetry doll!" And even Rover, who had been most interestedly watching Amy's effort, gave a surprised bark.

But in a moment Amy was working with renewed energy over the wet doll, whose eyes were now wide open, and again the strange voice spoke, saying:

"Break, break, break, On the cold, grey stones, O sea!"

"Poor dolly," said Amy, almost crying now with sympathy and excitement. "She must be out of her head and don't you know she is saved from the ocean." And Rover, who seemed quite anxious, licked the doll's cold, wet face.

Amy realized the next thing was to wrap her up warmly, and let her rest; so placing her little cape softly around her, she hugged the doll in her arms, and seated herself in the pile of hot sand.

It was a warm morning, and the hard rock had made Amy feel a good deal tired also. She found it very comfortable to sit quietly, holding the rescued doll, with Rover lying at her side.

Suddenly the strange little voice began again, and Amy could hear every word:

"Once I was a young girl, A young girl; Once I was a young girl, And then, on—then!"

"O, what then?" cried Amy, anxious to hear all about it. "Do tell me, what then?"

There was a long silence; then Rover crawled a little nearer. Even the doll in a distinct, though husky, voice said:

"They do these things so differently in Paris."

"Oh dear," said Amy, feeling afraid she had not exactly followed the rules for reviving a drowned person. "Oh dear, what things?"

"Does sea water discolor an imported French gown?" murmured the doll, rolling up its big china blue eyes to Amy's anxious face.

Now Amy was a sensible little girl, who had been well brought up, and she was surprised that any doll, at least any doll of education, should begin to worry the very first thing about dress; and there was Rover with his ears up, hearing every word, and the doll had begun to talk of her gown, before expressing one word of thanks to him for saving her life.

Amy was so afraid his feelings would be hurt that she felt revolted at the doll, and she answered rather sharply:

"There are a good many things in this world of more importance than dress!" Then, in a kinder tone, she continued: "Do tell us how you happened to be drowning all by yourself, out in the ocean?"

"Because I couldn't swim," said the doll.

"But how came you to fall in the water?"

"I didn't fall in; I was washed overboard. You see we were all on a picnic in a lovely yacht. I had just been making myself entertaining. I am never seasick, not even when we went to Paris."

"What?" said Amy, forgetting how rude it was to interrupt. "Have you been to Paris?"

"Indeed I have. Why haven't you ever heard of Clarissa Clarion? I'm the famous talking doll. Why, we myself and our set," continued Miss Clarion, in her vainglorious mentioning of herself first, "made a deal of talk in Paris."

"I should think so," said Amy.

"Oh, I don't mean that we talked a great deal, but that people talked a great deal of us; we were considered so interesting. Though American by birth by manufacture, perhaps I should say—we were everywhere received with great honor, and were one of the sights of the great exposition."

"Oh, I've seen pictures of the buildings," cried Amy, all interest. "Do tell me all about it, Miss Clarion. But first, how did you get washed overboard?"

"Well, I was over-bored with the company of some very common dolls, who could only say mamma, and after having amused the party with my recitations of 'Twinkle, twinkle,' etc., I was resting on one side of the yacht; the sea was pretty rough and there was a good breeze. Suddenly a big puff of wind struck us, and I heard the captain cry, 'Heads from under,' and, amidst shrieks from the girls, everyone rushed from my side as the big boom swung over. Then the boat seemed to turn and tip way over on my side, and, almost the same instant, a big wave washed over me, and I was thrown violently from my seat, amidst the wildest excitement and soaked through and through; and, before anyone could reach me, I was seized by another great wave."

"Oh," cried Amy, "how awful!"

"Yes," cried the doll, getting very much excited. "Before I could say 'twinkle,' another big wave like a mountain swept down upon me. Seizing me in its grasp, it was whirled into the midst of the raging ocean."

With a shriek, Amy sprang up—it seemed as if she too could feel the great wave seizing her, as if the cold ocean was already around her. And something was pulling at her and she did feel the cold wave—the tide had quickly come in while she was wrapped up in Clarissa's story, and Rover, dear old Rover, was pulling at her dress to make her get up.

Time and time again, little Amy would take Miss Clarissa to a quiet nook and try to induce her to finish the story of being washed overboard, or to tell of her misdeeds and the great excitement, but nothing more than poor Clarissa could ever get from the doll's lips.

However, Amy still believes that some time, after the effects of the accident have worn away, Clarissa will again resume her story—and perhaps she will.—W. P. Hooper, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A TERRIBLE AFRICAN ANT.

Wonderful Little Insects that March Like ants and Go on Foreign Expeditions.

There are a great many species of ants in Africa, some of which are found in vast numbers. The most remarkable and most dreaded of all is the bashikoway, and is a most voracious creature, which carries nothing away, but eats its prey on the spot.

It is the dread of all living animals of the forest—the elephant, the leopard, the gorilla, and all the insect world—and man himself is compelled to flee before the advance of these marauders or to protect himself by fire and boiling water. It is the habit of the bashikoways to march through the forest in a long regular line, about two inches broad or more, and often miles in length.

All along the line larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks and keep the singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, the heat of which they can not bear, they immediately burrow underground and form tunnels. It often takes more than twelve hours for one of these armies to pass.

When they grow hungry, at a certain command, which seems to take place all along the line at the same time, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is irresistible. All the other living inhabitants of the forest before-hand; the still forest becomes alive with the tramping of the elephant, the flight of the antelope or of the gazelle, of the leopard, of snakes, all the living world in the same direction where the other animals are fleeing away.

Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. They even ascend to the top of the trees for their prey. This ant seems to be animated by a kind of fury.

Sometimes men condemned to death are made fast to a tree, and if an army of hungry bashikoways passes, in a short time only bare skeletons remain to tell the tale.—N. Y. Advertiser.

—Little Charley was severely stung by a bee one day, and after he had been comforted and the pain relieved he went into the dooryard, where he saw a bee on the clover, and called out to his mother: "Oh, say, mamma, here he is now out in the yard eating grass!"

MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

Colloquy Between a Native African and a Big Strong European.

A large, strong man dressed in a uniform, and armed to the teeth, knocked at the door of a hut on the coast of Africa.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asks a voice from the inside.

"In the name of civilization open your door, or I'll break it down for you and fill you full of lead."

"But what do you want here?"

"My name is Christian Civilization. Don't talk like a fool, you black brute. What do you suppose I want here but to civilize you, and make a reasonable human being out of you if it is possible."

"What are you going to do?"

"In the first place, you must dress yourself like a white man. It's a shame and a disgrace the way you go about. From now on you must wear underclothing, a pair of pants, vest, coat, plug hat and a pair of yellow gloves. I will furnish them to you at a reasonable price."

"What shall I do with them?"

"Wear them, of course. You didn't expect to eat them, did you? The first step of civilization is to wear proper clothes."

"But it is too hot to wear such garments. I'm not used to them. I'll perish from the heat. Do you want to murder me?"

"Well, if you do you will have the satisfaction of being a martyr to civilization."

"You are very kind."

"Don't mention it. What do you do for living anyhow?"

"When I'm hungry I eat a banana. I eat, drink or sleep just as feel like it."

"What horrible barbarity! You must settle down to some occupation, my friend. If you don't I'll have to look you up as a vagrant."

"If I've got to follow up some occupation, I think I'll start a coffee-house. I've got a good deal of coffee and sugar on hand."

"Oh, you have, have you? Why, you are not such a hopeless case as I thought you were. In the first place, you want to pay me fifty dollars."

"What for?"

"An occupation tax, you innocent heathen. Do you expect to get all the blessings of civilization for nothing?"

"But I haven't got any money."

"That makes no difference. I'll take it out in sugar and coffee. If you don't pay I'll put you in jail."

"What is a jail?"

"Jail is a progressive world. You must be prepared to make sacrifices for civilization, you know."

"What a great thing civilization is! You can not possibly realize the benefits, but you will before I get through with you."

The unfortunate native took to the woods and has not been seen since.—From the German.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

Their Use in the Punishment of Public Offenders.

An ancient fable preserves an incident of a dame who, wishing to punish a cure, a provost and a forester for persecuting her with their dishonourable suits, made appointments with them to visit her, and then contrived that they should be stripped and thrown into a cask full of feathers, whence they were hunted by her husband, with all the dogs and inhabitants of the village at their heels. In England this penalty was introduced for a different offense in 1189, when Richard I., before setting out for the Holy Land, ordained, in order to preserve the discipline of his fleet, that whosoever should be convicted of theft should first have his head shaved; that boiling pitch should then be poured upon it, and a cushion of feathers shaken over it. It was afterward to be put on shore at the first place the ship touched at; though, after a baptism of boiling pitch, the poor wretch, I fancy, would have little left in him. In modern times the practice has found favor with the populace as a means of readily executing justice on an offender whom the law, perhaps, shows no anxiety to reach.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Harvest Excursions.—Reduced Rates to the South, Southwest, West and Northwest.

September 15th and 20th, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad, will sell Round Trip Harvest Excursion Tickets, to points in the South, Southwest, West and Northwest, at greatly reduced rates. For particulars inquire of Ticket Agent.

There is a native sawsaw in every breast that loves to sit in the dry itself and watch those who are caught out in the rain

THE NEW NORTH.

Published Thursday of each week by
The Rhinelander Printing Company.
GEO. W. BISHOP. W.M. C. GORDEN.

Subscription price, in advance, \$1.00
if not paid in advance, \$1.20.
Advertising rates reasonable and made known
on application.
Local notices 10 cents per line, first insertion.
Extra for each subsequent insertion.
Address all communications to
The Rhinelander Printing Co.,
Rhinelander, Wis.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Treasurer..... E. H. Clark
County Clerk..... J. E. Brown
District Attorney..... J. E. Brown
County Judge..... J. E. Brown
Register of Deeds..... J. E. Brown
Clerk of Court..... J. E. Brown
Surveyor..... J. E. Brown
Coroner..... J. E. Brown

CHURCHES & SOCIETIES.

Congregational Church.
Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Song
view at 7:30 p. m. and regular service at 8:30 p. m.
Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. after morning service.
Rhinelander school immediately after morning service.

Catholic Church.
Services every Sunday, Mass services at
10:30 a. m. Sunday school every Sunday at
8:30 a. m. Vespers every alternate Sunday at
7:30 p. m. Rev. Father J. J. Fust, Pastor.

Methodist Church.
Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Song
view at 7:30 p. m. and regular service at 8:30 p. m.
Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. after morning service.
Rhinelander school immediately after morning service.

German Lutheran Church.
Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Song
view at 7:30 p. m. and regular service at 8:30 p. m.
Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. after morning service.
Rhinelander school immediately after morning service.

Baptist Church Calendar.
Sunday.
Public Service and Communion..... 11:00 a. m.
Sunday School..... 12:00 p. m.
Song and Praise Service..... 7:30 p. m.
Public Service and Communion..... 7:30 p. m.

Y. P. C. C.
Young People's Meeting..... 7:30 p. m.
Thursday.
General prayer meeting..... 7:30 p. m.
All are invited. All are welcome.

G. A. R.
JOHN A. LUGAN, Post, No. 293. Regular
meeting 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings of each
month at hall in Brown's block.
RICHARD REED, Com. L. J. BILLINGS, Adj.

I. O. O. F.
J. E. BROWN, No. 48. Regular meeting at
hall every Monday evening.
J. E. BROWN, Sec. O. F. WISLER, N. G.

D. O. F. E.
J. E. BROWN, No. 25. Meets every
first and third Wednesday of each month in
the Odd Fellows' hall on Stevens Street.
R. T. FUGHER, Sec. Mrs. O. F. WISLER, N. G.

P. A. M.
RHINELANDER LODGE, No. 422. Meets first
and third Friday of each month in the
postoffice block.
A. McFARLANE, Sec. H. C. ROTH, W. M.

I. O. G. T.
Delaware Rapids Lodge, No. 215. Meets every
Friday evening at hall over Palace Shoe
Store. Visiting members are cordially invited.
Nellie Chato, R. E. Chas. Woodcock, C. T.

K. O. P.
Rhinelander Lodge No. 75. Holds regular meet-
ing Friday nights in opera house block.
K. E. SQUIER, R. E. R. B. STURLEY, C. C.
Commander. Meets every Wednesday night.
J. E. BROWN, Sec. R. B. STURLEY, Capt.

S. O. F.
W. T. MOSE, Com. No. 95. Wisconsin Division
S. O. F. Meets at C. A. R. hall on
the first and third Wednesday of each
month. Visiting brothers always welcome.
C. C. BRANSON, Sec.

C. K. O. F. W.
Catholic Knights of Wisconsin. Meeting last
Sunday of each month at 4 p. m. at Good
Temple hall.
Rev. N. J. Lee, Sec. J. E. KENNAN, Pres.

PROFESSIONAL.

MILLEN & MCCORMICK,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Collections sharply looked after.
Office over First National Bank.

ALBAN & BARNES,
Attorneys-at-Law,
RHINELANDER, WIS.
Collections promptly attended to.
Town and county orders bought.

A. W. SHELTON
Attorney-at-Law,
Special attention paid to domestic
law and contests.
RHINELANDER, WIS.

PAUL BROWNE,
Attorney-at-Law,
RHINELANDER, WIS.
Collections a Specialty.

L. J. BILLINGS,
Attorney & Counselor
RHINELANDER, WIS.

T. B. MCINDOE,
Physician & Surgeon
RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.
Office in Gray's block.

C. S. MCINDOE, D. D. S.
Dental Parlors,
Bank of Rhinelander Builders.

J. M. DODD, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon.
Office at Hospital,
RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

K. E. SQUIER
Physician & Surgeon
Office in Brown's Block.
RHINELANDER, - - WISCONSIN.

D. CONOVER, L. F. PORTER, H. P. PADLEY
Conover, Porter & Padley,
ARCHITECTS.

**Pioneer block, Knight block,
Madison, Wis. Ashland, Wis.**

Merchants' State Bank.
CAPITAL, \$500,000.
RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN
General Banking Business Transacted.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.
Sell exchange on all European coun-
tries. Tickets to and from Europe on
all steam boat lines.

**FIRST NATIONAL
Bank of Rhinelander.**

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

LOCAL TIME TABLES.

MILWAUKEE, LAKE SHORE & WESTERN.
NORTH BOUND
No. 8—Limited..... 1:41 A. M.
No. 15—Accommodation..... 1:45 P. M.
No. 16—Accommodation..... 3:00 P. M.

SOUTH BOUND
No. 15—Accommodation..... 1:45 P. M.
No. 16—Accommodation..... 1:45 P. M.
No. 8—Limited..... 1:41 A. M.

W. E. ASHTON, AGENT.
Minneapolis, St. Paul & Saint Ste. Marie Ry.

The Short Line Best to Glenstone, South Ste.
Marie and all Canadian and New England points
and WEST to
Minneapolis, St. Paul and Western Minnesota
and Dakota.

TRAINS WEST.
No. 8—Passenger..... 10:25 p. m. through
No. 15—Passenger..... 7:28 a. m. local
between Pennington and Cameron Junction.
No. 16—Freight..... 7:30 p. m.

TRAINS EAST.
No. 86—Passenger..... 7:27 p. m. local
between Pennington and Cameron Junction.
No. 1—Passenger..... 8:12 a. m. through.
No. 2—Freight..... 7:30 p. m.

These connections made at Pennington with St. &
W. Ry. for all Lake Superior points, and at Trent
Lake with H. S. & A. Ry. for Mackinac and all
lower Peninsula points.

Thursday, Sept. 10, 1891.

OYSTERS First of the Season
Just Received. Will
have them from now
on. Fresh and Fine.
REED'S. Try a can.

Mrs. Fred Conn is visiting relatives
in Plainfield, Wis.

Mrs. A. J. McKinnon is visiting rela-
tives at Marinette.

Dan Sullivan was down from Lac du
Plumbeau this week.

O. F. Wisler was up the Lake Shore
road Monday on business.

President Kemp, of the Screen Door
Co., was in the city last week.

N. A. Coleman was down from Eagle
River Monday on legal business.

J. Rinder has gone to Chicago on
business this week. He will buy a big
stock of jewelry for his firm while
there.

The firm of McKinnon & Jewell, run-
ning the Wisconsin House, are doing a
good business and satisfying their
customers.

D. J. Cole has gone to Chicago with
the intention of purchasing the finest
stock of fall and winter goods ever
brought to the city.

W. L. Beers & Co. have taken a job
of putting in a million feet of logs up
near Conover for the Screen Door Co.
They commence work Monday.

Loss.—One light red cow with bell
on, about three years old, right hind
leg cracked and has string tied around
it. Anyone finding same will please
notify Geo. Keosler and receive re-
ward.

The M. L. S. & W. Ry. Co. will sell
excursion tickets to Milwaukee and
return at rate of \$6.00 for round trip,
admission ticket included, on account
of Milwaukee Industrial Exposition to be
held at Milwaukee Sept. 22 to Oct.
17th, 1891. Sale of tickets commences
Tuesday, September 1. Tickets will
be sold Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sat-
urdays, good for return not later than
Monday following date of sale, except
that during the State Fair season, Sept.
14 to 19 tickets will be sold Sept. 13 to
19 inclusive good for return until Sept.
21, 1891. W. E. ASHTON, Agt.

We are in receipt of the advance
sheet of the Lincoln County Agricul-
tural Society's race program for the
fair to be held in the city of Merrill,
September 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25, 1891.
As usual the people of Lincoln county
are fully abreast with the times, the
society offering over \$3,000 in purses
for trotting, pacing and running races
on these days. Last year the "Citi-
zen's Purse" almost equalled those of
the society, and so well were the peo-
ple of Merrill and Lincoln county
pleased with the outcome of their last
fair, that we are safe in saying that
the "Citizen's Purse" for this year,
giving for the five days, purses ag-
gregating between \$5,000 and \$7,000,
which large amount of money is sure
to draw the finest string of fast horses
ever seen on any track in Northern
Wisconsin. New grand stands are be-
ing now erected and a small army of
men are at work fixing up the track,
which by the way is one of the fastest
in the northwest, and otherwise im-
proving are beautifying the grounds.
Last year Lincoln county carried off
the first prize at the state fair for
vegetables and this year, owing to the
large premiums offered, the display in
this line will be even better and larger.
Besides the races and exhibits a num-
ber of other attractions have been se-
cured. The electric street cars will
run to the grounds. Merrill contains
eight of the largest saw-mills in the
state, besides three large sash, door
and blind factories, all of which
during the thrown open to visitors,
and a trip through these mammoth
institutions is one well worth the
time spent in making it. During the
evening entertainments at the opera
house and moonlight excursions at
Lake View will furnish pleasant
diversion. Those desiring to spend a
truly enjoyable week, and who de-
light in witnessing trials of speed be-
tween the best horses in the country
should avail themselves of this op-
portunity and visit Merrill. All rail-
roads will sell excursion tickets.

At Wausau.

The Rhinelander club, stronger
than ever before, played at Wausau
last Saturday and Sunday. The
games were both close and interest-
ing. The first one was won by Rhine-
lander by a score of 6 to 4. Clausen
and Palmer were the opposing
pitchers and both did good work but
were not well supported. Two errors
at first base and some misjudged flies
in the field gave Wausau their four
runs. Donohue caught an excellent
game and aided materially with the
bat.

On Sunday over a hundred ex-
cursionists from here arrived in Wausau
on a special train and in the after-
noon witnessed the most barefaced
piece of robbery ever perpetrated in a
ball park. Had Wausau won the
game on its merits no complaint
would be made, but to gain a victory
and then be deprived of it through
crookedness, when the circumstances
are such that no protest can be made,
is a little more than any people would
quietly stand, and there is a feeling
with all who were there from outside
of Wausau, that Rhinelander was
treated in a manner wholly unbecom-
ing a city like Wausau, and that they
can gain no credit from a victory
won in that manner. The game was
a very close one. With the score 3 to
1 in Wausau's favor, in the last of the
eight inning Rhinelander scored
three, by the grace of a home run
with two men on bases. It only re-
mained for Wausau's side to be retired
and the game was over. The first
two batters went out. The third
made a hit and the fourth one got
first on an error. With men on first
and second the batter hit to short.
The ball was felled to third and the
runner both forced and touched out.
The umpire called it out and both
players and spectators started to leave
the ground. Two of the Wausau
players and several of the crowd
started towards the umpire and
after a vigorous talk the decision was
reversed and the game ordered to pro-
ceed. It was then very evident that
Rhinelander would not win under any
circumstances. The men again took
their places and Wausau won by a
score of 5 to 4. The decision was so
barbaric that even the Wausau
player who was put out at third said
after the game that he was easily out.
The umpire was Charlie McCosken.
Comment is unnecessary. As it now
stands the two clubs are even. Two
games each have been won, and there
is no possibility of another game this
year.

The Last Game.
Next Sunday will witness the final
game of the base ball season in Rhine-
lander. The season is so far advanced
and the chances for favorable weather
are so unreliable, that it is not thought
best to bring any more clubs here at
a large expense. On Sunday after-
noon there will be a game at the park
between the O. F. Ws and the Greys.
The latter having Donohue and Clausen
for a battery, which will make
the game a very even affair. Follow-
ing is the personnel of the two teams:

O. F. Ws. POSITION. GRAYS.
McIndoe, Catcher..... Donohue,
Bishop..... Pitcher..... Clausen,
Ashton..... Short..... Beers,
Squier..... First..... Baldwin,
Statten..... Second..... Lawless,
Eyles..... Third..... Bristol,
Morris..... Left..... Brinkline,
Taymond..... Center..... Blackburn,
Jones..... Right..... Lawson.

Game will be called at 3 o'clock
sharp.

Change of Date.
The engagement of the popular IU-
dentress, Hettie Bernard Chase, and
her company, which was announced
for Saturday evening, has been chang-
ed to Monday evening, the 14th inst.
The change is made on account of
the company's being unable to reach
here Saturday. A Wausau exchange,
in speaking of the play says:
"The regular dramatic season was
opened last evening by the charming
IU-dentress Hettie Bernard Chase, in
"The Duke's Darling," a comedy
drama written expressly for her by
Clas W. Chase, Esq. The play is
replete with clever specialties and
just enough plot to make it interest-
ing throughout. Miss Chase is a very
clever artist and made several hits
during the evening by her singing,
dancing and marvellous banjo playing.
The support was good and on the
whole the company is deserving of
patronage."

Free Lectures.
This evening, at 8 o'clock, at the
M. E. church, Orla Brown will speak
on the "Safeguards of the Republic."
The subject is of the first importance.
The speaker is pronounced by many
who have heard her, one of the
ablest lecturers in America. Admis-
sion free. A collection will be taken.

Millinery Opening.
Mrs. Lucy Perry invites the ladies
of Rhinelander to call at the store of
M. Langdon, opposite the Rapids
House and inspect the finest line of
millinery and trimmings ever dis-
played at Rhinelander. The goods
will be ready for inspection Monday,
Tuesday and Wednesday of next
week.

Bicycle and Indian Pony Races at Oshkosh.
Bicycle and Indian pony race will
be among the interesting features at
the Oshkosh Fair including the
national dances of the Menominee
Indians in full war paint, Sept. 21-25.

Henry Rhinmann, merchant tailor,

has opened a merchant tailoring es-
tablishment in the building with
E. R. Walcott, the photographer.
He invites the public to call and give
him a trial. First-class work and a
good fit guaranteed.

Hose Company Dance.
The members of Alert Hose com-
pany decided at their last meeting to
give a social dance at the Grand opera
house on the evening of September
11. Excellent music will be on hand
to furnish the inspiration, and the
company boys guarantee a pleasant
evening for all who attend.

Rhinlander Steam Laundry.
A. J. Wilcox and P. Didier have
leased L. Hor's building on Thayer
street and are putting the building
into shape for a first-class steam
laundry. Their boiler and engine are
now in place and other machinery is
expected in time to start up next
week. They have purchased Wm.
Aldrich's outfit, which will constitute
a part of their machinery. The new
laundry will be capable of handling
all the work of the city, and it will
be in charge of experienced help.

For Sale.
One 7 room house, and one 14 room
house. Terms easy. C. Hay.

Fresh Creamery Butter.
The Wausau Creamery Company
of Wausau, Wisconsin, will furnish
fancy separate Creamery Butter on
yearly contracts at twenty-five cents
per pound. Write them. 6w

Clothes Cleaning.
William Wesie is ready to clean or
mend all clothing promptly. All
work done neatly and at reasonable
rates. Shop on Thayer Street, in
building formerly occupied by A.
Fiola.

For Sale.
All or a part of 100 acres of fine wood
land 2 1/2 miles from Rhinelander.
Several acres cleared, a good two story
frame house and well. Has 150
thousand of pine, lots of pulp wood,
but the most is hard wood. Enquire
at Jewell & Bastian's for particulars.

Lands for Sale.
Lands for sale by Shaw & Dorr, lo-
cated only one or two miles south of
Rhinelander, Section 8, 17, 18 and 19,
Township 36, Range 9 East. Much
of these lands suitable for farming
purposes, at present covered with
maple, birch, hemlock and some
pine. Prices range from 7 to 10 dol-
lars per acre. For particulars en-
quire of G. R. Shaw or R. E. Dorr,
Antigo, Wis. Jy23ll.

PLEASANT JOURNEYS.
Pleasant journeys can always be had
via the Wisconsin Central Line. The
employees are courteous and obliging;
the sleeping and dining cars and day
coaches are peers of any in the North-
west. The leaving hours at principal
terminal points are convenient and the
depots are centrally located. All to-
gether it is the most desirable route in
either direction between Chicago, Mil-
waukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland
and Duluth. TRY IT AND BE CON-
VINCED.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis.,
Aug. 10, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing-named settler has filed notice of his
intention to make final proof in sup-
port of his claim, and that said
proof will be made before the Judge or
Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander,
Wisconsin, on Sept. 24, 1891,
viz: Joseph Cassner, H. E. No. 6173,
for the NE 1/4 Sec. 11, Town 37
North Range 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to
prove his continuous residence upon
and cultivation of said land, viz:
James McGowan, Theodore Dion
Stephen Kurlake and John Laby, all
of Rhinelander, Wis.

E. B. SANDERS, Register.
6wAg20-Sept24.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.
Oneida County.
In Municipal Court.
To JOSEPH MILLER:
You are hereby notified that a sum-
mons and garnishment has been issued
against you, and your property
seized to satisfy the demand of John
E. Hiller, amounting to eleven dollars
and forty-four cents; Now unless you
shall appear before the Judge of said
Court, at his office in Rhinelander, in
said county, on the 19th day of Sept.,
1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon,
judgment will be rendered against you
and your property sold to pay the debt.
Dated Aug. 14, 1891.
JOE E. HILLER, Plaintiff.

Notice of Vacating Part of Village Plat.
Notice is hereby given that the next general
term of the Circuit Court for the County of One-
ida, State of Wisconsin, to be held at the Court
House, in the Village of Rhinelander, in said
county, on the 27th day of October, 1891, at the
opening of court on the first day of said term,
as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard,
the undersigned, Richard C. Irons, County
Corporation duly organized and existing under
the laws of the State of Wisconsin, being the
proprietor of a portion of the village plat her-
etofore mentioned, will make application to
said court for an order and judgment, vacating
and portion of the village plat extending from
the south line of Phillips Street to the north line
of the right of way of the Milwaukee Lake Shore
and Western Railway Company and the 2nd
and 3rd sections of M. E. No. 6173, and the
1st and 2nd sections of Block 6 in the Village
of Rhinelander, Oneida County, Wisconsin.
RHINELANDER FREE CEMETERY.
Dated July 20th, 1891. By ALAN B. BARNES,
Attorney.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis.,
September 1, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing-named settler has filed notice of his in-
tention to make final proof in support of his claim,
and that said proof will be made before the Judge
or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander,
Wis., on October 15, 1891, viz: John A. Swenson,
H. E. No. 6173, for the Lot 2, Sec. 25, Township 35
N. Range 8 East. He names the following
witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon
and cultivation of said land, viz: Fred Johnson,
George L. Olson, Charles Olson, Richard Welch, all
of Rhinelander, Wis. E. B. SANDERS, Register.
6wSp6-0ct15.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.
Oneida County.
In Municipal Court.
To HENRY KAMPER:
You are hereby notified that a sum-
mons and garnishment has been issued
against you, and your property
seized to satisfy the demand of John
E. Hiller, amounting to \$25.28; Now unless you
shall appear before the Judge of said Court, at his
office in Rhinelander, in said County, on the
19th day of September, 1891, at 10
o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will
be rendered against you, and your
property sold to pay the debt.
JOHN HILLER, Plaintiff.
Dated August 24, 1891.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.
Oneida County.
In Municipal Court.
To WILLIAM CONRAD:
You are hereby notified that a sum-
mons and garnishment has been issued
against you, and your property
seized to satisfy the demand of John
E. Hiller amounting to eight dollars;
Now unless you shall appear before
the Judge of said Court, at his office
in Rhinelander, in said County, on the
19th day of September, 1891, at 10
o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will
be rendered against you, and your
property sold to pay the debt.
JOHN E. HILLER, Plaintiff.
Dated August 24, 1891.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis.,
September 1, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing-named settler has filed notice of his in-
tention to make final proof in support of his claim,
and that said proof will be made before the Judge
or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander,
Wis., on October 15, 1891, viz: Edward G. Robbins,
H. E. No. 6173, for the NE 1/4 Sec. 24, Township 34
N. Range 8 East. He names the following
witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon
and cultivation of said land, viz: John A. Swenson,
H. E. No. 6173, for the Lot 2, Sec. 25, Township 35
N. Range 8 East. He names the following
witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon
and cultivation of said land, viz: Fred Johnson,
George L. Olson, Charles Olson, Richard Welch, all
of Rhinelander, Wis. E. B. SANDERS, Register.
6wSp6-0ct15.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.
Oneida County.
In Municipal Court.
To HENRY KAMPER:
You are hereby notified that a sum-
mons and garnishment has been issued
against you, and your property
seized to satisfy the demand of John
E. Hiller, amounting to \$25.28; Now unless you
shall appear before the Judge of said Court, at his
office in Rhinelander, in said County, on the
19th day of September, 1891, at 10
o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will
be rendered against you, and your
property sold to pay the debt.
JOHN HILLER, Plaintiff.
Dated August 24, 1891.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.
Oneida County.
In Municipal Court.
To WILLIAM CONRAD:
You are hereby notified that a sum-
mons and garnishment has been issued
against you, and your property
seized to satisfy the demand of John
E. Hiller amounting to eight dollars;
Now unless you shall appear before
the Judge of said Court, at his office
in Rhinelander, in said County, on the
19th day of September, 1891, at 10
o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will
be rendered against you, and your
property sold to pay the debt.
JOHN E. HILLER, Plaintiff.
Dated August 24, 1891.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis.,
September 1, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing-named settler has filed notice of his in-
tention to make final proof in support of his claim,
and that said proof will be made before the Judge
or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander,
Wis., on October 15, 1891, viz: Edward G. Robbins,
H. E. No. 6173, for the NE 1/4 Sec. 24, Township 34
N. Range 8 East. He names the following
witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon
and cultivation of said land, viz: John A. Swenson,
H. E. No. 6173, for the Lot 2, Sec. 25, Township 35
N. Range 8 East. He names the following
witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon
and cultivation of said land, viz: Fred Johnson,
George L. Olson, Charles Olson, Richard Welch, all
of Rhinelander, Wis. E. B. SANDERS, Register.
6wSp6-0ct15.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.
Oneida County.
In Municipal Court.
To HENRY KAMPER:
You are hereby notified that a sum-
mons and garnishment has been issued
against you, and your property
seized to satisfy the demand of John
E. Hiller, amounting to \$25.28; Now unless you
shall appear before the Judge of said Court, at his
office in Rhinelander, in said County, on the
19th day of September, 1891, at 10
o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will
be rendered against you, and your
property sold to pay the debt.
JOHN HILLER, Plaintiff.
Dated August 24, 1891.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.
Oneida County.
In Municipal Court.
To WILLIAM CONRAD:
You are hereby notified that a sum-
mons and garnishment has been issued
against you, and your property
seized to satisfy the demand of John
E. Hiller amounting to eight dollars;
Now unless you shall appear before
the Judge of said Court, at his office
in Rhinelander, in said County, on the
19th day of September, 1891, at 10
o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will
be rendered against you, and your
property sold to pay the debt.
JOHN E. HILLER, Plaintiff.
Dated August 24, 1891.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis.,
September 1, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing-named settler has filed notice of his in-
tention to make final proof in support of his claim,
and that said proof will be made before the Judge
or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander,
Wis., on October 15, 1891, viz: Edward G. Robbins,
H. E. No. 6173, for the NE 1/4 Sec. 24, Township 34
N. Range 8 East. He names the following
witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon
and cultivation of said land, viz: John A. Swenson,
H. E. No. 6173, for the Lot 2, Sec. 25, Township 35
N. Range 8 East. He names the following
witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon
and cultivation of said land, viz: Fred Johnson,
George L. Olson, Charles Olson, Richard Welch, all
of Rhinelander, Wis. E. B. SANDERS, Register.
6wSp6-0ct15.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.
Oneida County.
In Municipal Court.
To HENRY KAMPER:
You are hereby notified that a sum-
mons and garnishment has been issued
against you, and your property
seized to satisfy the demand of John
E. Hiller, amounting to \$25.28; Now unless you
shall appear before the Judge of said Court, at his
office in Rhinelander, in said County, on the
19th day of September, 1891, at 10
o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will
be rendered against you, and your
property sold to pay the debt.
JOHN HILLER, Plaintiff.
Dated August 24, 1891.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.
Oneida County.
In Municipal Court.
To WILLIAM CONRAD:
You are hereby notified that a sum-
mons and garnishment has been issued
against you, and your property
seized to satisfy the demand of John
E. Hiller amounting to eight dollars;
Now unless you shall appear before
the Judge of said Court, at his office
in Rhinelander, in said County, on the
19th day of September, 1891, at 10
o'clock in the forenoon, judgment will
be rendered against you, and your
property sold to pay the debt.
JOHN E. HILLER, Plaintiff.
Dated August 24, 1891.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Wausau, Wis.,
September 1, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing-named settler has filed notice of his in-
tention to make final proof in support of his claim,
and that said proof will be made before the Judge
or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander,
Wis., on October 15, 1891, viz: Edward G. Robbins,
H. E. No. 6173, for the NE 1/4 Sec. 24, Township 34
N. Range 8 East. He names the following
witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon
and cultivation of said land, viz: John A. Swenson,
H. E. No. 6173, for the Lot 2, Sec. 25, Township 35
N. Range 8 East. He names the following
witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon
and cultivation of said land, viz

OUR WEDDING DAY.

Our wedding day, dear heart,
Well I remember,
How crisp the morning frost lay
That chill December,
I was a foolish thing,
How my heart failed me
Little you knew or guessed
What 'twas that called me.
I had my doubts of you,
Only just fairly
Would you have thought it, Jack,
Of your fond Naught?
People kept telling me
Men were deceivers;
Women most foolish folk,
Headless believers.
Would you be kind? I asked,
And my heart fluttered,
True to the marriage vows
Your lips had uttered?
Ten years ago, dear love—
How the time has passed!
Jack! drink my health again;
Fill up our glasses.
Don't wipe my tears away;
They're not for sadness,
My heart is full today
Only of gladness.
How true you've been to me
Since our first parting;
Husband, stand by me still,
Never to sever.
As of the frosty sky
Wintry clouds buster,
Our joys in future, Jack,
Trials may elude us,
Still hand in hand we'll step,
Facing our tomorrow;
Wind blow the clouds away,
Love chase sorrow.

Our wedding day is over—
Twelve the clock's striking.
Look at me, Jack—am I
Still to your liking?
Don't say a word, you goose;
Only remember
I love you better now
Than that December.
L. D. Hildebrand, in Once a Week.

ANNA'S LETTER.

After Many Years of Waiting She
Never Received It.



HE factory bells began to ring. They had heard, sharp, clear voices, and seemed to cry aloud over the still, flat country as a termagant mistress ought to her servants: "Get to work! Get to work! Get to work!" At the sound, you might, had you been a bird or a passenger in some great balloon flying before the wind over the village, have seen doors open anywhere all over the valley, and men, women and children come forth with tin cans or dinner buckets in their hands and turn toward the mills. Some plodded slowly along, some made great show of haste. The children ran awhile, then stopped to pick up green apples, chase stray pigs or pick wild cherries, and then ran faster. As they passed the post office some stepped in and came out again with letters in their hands, which they read as they walked on, for the mill people were generally strangers who had come from a distance to get employment—foreigners of many nations, English and Irish mostly, but mingled with Germans, Swiss and Swedes. At the clang of the bells one woman had appeared at the door of a poor little house on the roadside, to whom the fresh, bright morning had not brought either freshness or brightness. She was a sturdy, well-built woman, with a flat Danish face and mild blue eyes. Her dress was of some unusual woven stuff, made with a short square skirt and with a jacket, such like a man's. On her head she wore a close-fitting hood or cap. Her skin was fair, her hair black and her expression extremely innocent. She would have looked young but for the brand of horizontal lines that trouble always sets upon a woman's forehead. Comparatively young at least, for she was past girlhood. She seemed to know everybody but to have no intimates among the other mill workers. To them she only nodded as she went in. When she came to the post office she paused for a moment and stood looking in at the door. Her feet seemed inclined to ascend the steps, then she shook her head and turned away. "No," she said, "best not make a fool of myself. What did I hear the postmaster say yesterday?" "That's Anna Danner. Every morning for ten years she has stopped for a



letter. She never gets one, but there she comes again." "No; I'll not make a fool of myself. I shall never get a letter," and she turned away. Still keeping on toward the mill, she turned down toward the lower road, along which a railway ran, and took the track. A fear of being laughed at had entered her soul, and she fancied that if she went along with others she might hear some one say: "Oh, there's Anna Danner, who never gets a letter and always asks for one." As she gave the little jump from the jutting rock which was the step from the lower road to the upper, the owner of the store, grocer, dry goods merchant and postmaster, came to his door. He held a letter in his hand and looked after her. "Well, if ever!" he said. "If that don't beat me! That girl has been for a letter every day for years, and the first time I got one for her she goes apart. Hi, Anna! Miss Danner, there!" Anna heard him. She looked over her shoulder. "You didn't stop for no letter this morning?" shouted the old man.

Anna's face flushed scarlet, and she hurried on. "Just as I thought," she said. "They begin to make fun of me, as they did of Cissy Peters in Copenhagen, who was always asking if the ship had come in. See what a fool I've been. Oh! oh! oh!" There are in the world certain still, unexpressive women to whom ridicule would seem the worst calamity on earth. They can bear trouble, pain, grief; but to be made "fun of" kills them. Anna was one of these. Years before she had been engaged to Klaus Kristoffer, a young sailor, who had pledged his eternal faith to her and then sailed away. She had waited and waited, but he had not returned. She had had good offers of marriage and refused them. Suddenly she discovered, or thought she did, that people were laughing at her for waiting for Klaus Kristoffer—she believed he would return and she left Denmark for America, to work for her local amongst strangers. To one true friend she gave her address. If Klaus ever came back or was heard of there would be a letter.



"ANNA! ANNA!" SHRIEKED TWENTY VOICES. For her. Through all those ten years she had hoped for one, and never before had she guessed that anyone noticed her. Now her humiliation was excessive. "Why, I want to know!" said the postmaster. "She thinks I'm poking fun at her; poor thing, she's a furrier, and this letter has come a good way. Well, I suppose she'll stop in going back. Poor soul, she always seems so lonesome-like." Meanwhile Anna pleaded on. After awhile she heard a scream from the bank overhead. "Miss Danner! Miss Danner! Why didn't you stop for your letter?" It was a well-meaning boy who called to her. He had a letter from home and was glad over it, and something in the lonely figure troubled him. But she hurried on, seeming not to hear, only believing that she was mocked again, and the boy, fearing to be fined if he were late, ran on. Later, a man on horseback passed her, and shouted down: "You don't seem to value your letters, young woman. Guess you don't expect one from your bean." Anything is a joke in the country. Anna did not quite understand the words, but the tone was that in which a jest is uttered. She felt the blood rush to her face. The mill was in sight, and she saw a group of people looking at her. "To make fun of me," she thought. Then the face of Klaus Kristoffer arose before her. She remembered his last words, his kiss, his embrace, the farewell. "Oh, Klaus! Klaus!" she sobbed. "Can it be that you, who also, mocked me, that you never meant to come back, that as the girls all said, I was a fool?" "Anna! Anna!" shrieked twenty voices. "Anna!" They were pointing at her. So she thought. Pointing as the children in Copenhagen did, long before, at Crazy Peter, who watched for his imaginary ship to come in. The blood rushed to her face. She began to run, hoping to pass them and get to her home and hide herself behind her work. "Anna! Anna!" shrieked the voices; and the fingers pointed still, and some were rushing toward her. Then there was a noise, a rush, a shriek beyond human power. She knew too late that their voices, their gestures, their whirling-pointing fingers were kindly warnings of the danger of which she was unaware—that the express train on the down track was behind her. At dusk that evening a solemn group stood about the counter of the old store. The chief legal gentleman of the place was amongst them. "It was awfully sudden," said one. "Almost as if she wanted it to happen," said another. "No; she was thinking of something else," said a woman. "She acted dazed-like." "And you think it's sort of justifiable for us to open the letter, squire?" asked the postmaster. "Yes. In that way you may know who her friends are and notify them," replied the squire. Then silence fell upon the group, and the red seal of the travel-worn envelope was opened, and one of the workmen present, who came from Denmark, offered to interpret. "This is what he read: 'Anna, my best beloved, the time has been long and the waiting weary, but my heart has never changed. I am home again in Copenhagen, and my first love is my last. 'Owen has seen you and knows you live and are in health. I sent the money for your journey. Come home, and we will be married. I have so much to tell that cannot be written, but most of all this: I love you—I love you, and I know you love me.' Your devoted husband, 'Klaus Kristoffer.'"

"She came here every morning for ten years and never got a letter," said the old postmaster. "And here it is at last, and she can't know it. It does seem hard." But, perhaps, Anna knew; for if her freed soul could go whither it chose, it flew back to Copenhagen and Klaus Kristoffer. Mary K. Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger. A startling discovery has been made by the careful statisticians of Germany. The figures which they have gathered show an alarming increase of suicides among children. For the six years ending in 1888 no less than two hundred and eighty-nine German school children committed suicide. These suicides were much more common in the elementary than in the high schools. The principal causes are said to be fear of punishment and disappointment over examinations.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—German Pudding.—Two cups milk, four tablespoonsful butter, five eggs, three-quarters cup flour, three-quarters cup sugar. Beat all together, bake in buttered cups, and serve with rice sauce. —Detroit Free Press.

—To rid your plants of tiny green insects, sprinkle profusely with tobacco-water, or burn tobacco under them. The small pests will fall off by the dozens, and should be immediately swept up and burned. —Drake's Magazine.

—Port-meat biscuits take half a pound of medium oatmeal, quarter of a pound of flour, mix with two ounces of butter and half a gill of milk made hot in a saucepan. Roll out quickly and bake in very thin cakes. —N. Y. World.

—Rye Batter Cakes.—One pint of rye meal, to this add enough lukewarm water to make a thin batter, a little salt just to taste. Beat it well; add a gill home-made yeast. When they are light, bake them on a griddle as buckwheat cakes. —Boston Budget.

—Soda Cream.—Two ounces of tartaric acid, two pounds of sugar, one quart of water, whites of four eggs, one-half ounce of flavoring; mix all thoroughly. Take three or four tablespoons of this syrup, put in goblet, fill nearly full with water and add a little soda.

—A good tea cake that a dyspeptic can eat without injury if cold. One cup of sugar, one egg, a half cupful of sour cream, the same of sweet milk, a small teaspoonful of soda, a little salt and nutmeg. Bake an hour before tea time, so that the cake may have time to cool.

—Roasted Smoke Herring: Many prefer the large herrings called bladders, though the small English red herring are more commonly sold. Broil them a few minutes over a quick fire. Remove them from the fire and take off the skins and serve immediately. —Ladies' Home Journal.

—Raw Meat Soup: Take a good beef broth, boil in it some pearl barley, when done, add the yolk of an egg mixed with a tablespoonful of tepid broth and a little grated cheese. At the very last, when already in the tureen, add, whilst stirring carefully, some raw beef free of all fat and sinew which previously has been chopped very fine. —N. Y.

—A floor pillow that is not too good to be used on the piazza or hall floor and is easily and inexpensively made. Is of blue denim, ample in size, and simply but effectively embroidered with the finest quality of manilla rope, combed down with fine stitches, which are taken through not over the rope. The effect may be heightened by touching the rope with bits of gilding here and there. —N. Y. Ledger.

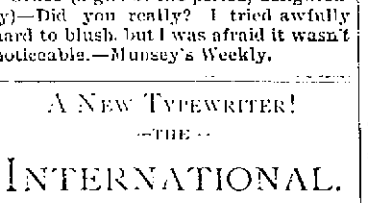
—Floating Island is easily prepared. Beat the white of four eggs till stiff and seal without mixing in one quart of milk. Remove with a skimmer from the milk the yelks of four eggs, beaten with four tablespoonsful of white sugar, thicken with a little flour stirred first in a teaspoonful of cold milk. Flavor the custard to taste, pour it into a glass or china dish, and place the whites on top. If desired, bits of currant jelly may be laid on at intervals. —N. Y. World.

—Veal sausages as a substitute for those made of pork, may be made as follows: Take a pint of minced veal left from a roast, or raw meat, chopped fine; add a large tablespoonful of butter, a half teaspoonful of salt, a very small teaspoonful of sage, and half a teaspoonful of summer savory. Bind the sausage meat into little round balls with the white of an egg. Add a tablespoonful of water to the yolk of an egg and dip each ball into it and fry them till very thoroughly browned in butter in an iron spider.

A Compunctious Appreciation. Uncle Tom (humbly)—It seems to me I noticed a tell-tale blush on your cheek last night when Jack came up for his valise.

Grace (a girl of the period, delightedly)—Did you really? I tried awfully hard to blush, but I was afraid it wasn't noticeable. —Munsey's Weekly.

A New Typewriter! —THE— INTERNATIONAL.



A strictly first-class machine. Fully warranted. Made from the very best material, by skilled workmen, and with the best tools that have ever been devised for the purpose. Warranted to do all that can be reasonably expected of the very best typewriter extant. Capable of writing 150 words per minute—or more—according to the ability of the operator. A machine that will manifold more than double the number of sheets than any other typewriter without affecting the alignment in any respect, as on this machine the alignment is inflexible.

PRICE \$100. If there is no Agent in your town, address us on the subject as we are more liberal with our Agents than any other Company in our line.

International Typewriter Co., 2 PARK SQUARE BOSTON, MASS Agents Wanted.

JAMES G. DUNN'S City Dray Line.

Will attend promptly to any business in that line.

The Soo House, Near M. E. S. M. & A. Depot. JAY MARTIN, Proprietor.

First-class Accommodations for Commercial Men. Fine Sample Room.

J. E. CLANCY, ARCHITECT.

Plans and Estimates for Residences and all classes of buildings. Correspondence promptly answered and no charge made unless plans are accepted.

ANTIGO, WIS.

ONIDA COUNTY LAND AND ABSTRACT CO.

Complete Abstract of all Lands in Onida County.

A General Land Business Transactor.

Office in Court House.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.



W.D. HARRIGAN

BRICK, LIME, HAIR, SAND, ADAMANT, WALL PLASTER,

Fire Brick & Clay.

Contents of all kinds, Hard and Soft Coal, Wood, Etc.

Orders by mail promptly attended. Office in Brown Bros. Block.

H. LEWIS, Wine, Liquor and Cigar Merchant.

Stolman's Block, Rhinelander, Wis.

My goods are the very best, and I can supply customers at Chicago and Louisville wholesale prices.

Fine California Wines a Specialty.

Give me a call and sample goods and prices.

C. KRUEGER, THE LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER.

Crayon, India Ink, Oil, Water Colors and Pastel Portraits.

A Specialty.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

J. Weisen's Provision Depot!

Is always stocked with reasonable goods. The finest butter, eggs and everything usual found in a provision store. Dealers at wholesale or retail. Give me a call. Brown street.

Don't Forget the Place

CITY LAUNDRY

Wm. Aldrich, Prop.

First-class work and Reasonable Prices

Laundry collected to any part of the city.

Office opposite Rapids House, Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

RHINELANDER IRON COMPANY.

Machinists, Founders and Manufacturers. Saw



Foundry

Foundry

Foundry

GEO. JENKINSON & SON,

Garland Stoves and Ranges

Heavy and Shelf Hardware

Tinware, Paints, Oils.

Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Etc, Etc

Roofing and Spouting a Specialty.

F. C. HENRICI, TAILOR

Opposite

Suits made to order, cleaning and repairing done on short notice and lowest prices. All work warranted.

City Bakery, LOUIS STERN, Prop.

Headquarters for Choice Fruits, Confectionery, Vegetables, Oysters and Fancy Groceries.

A SPECIALTY IN—

Pastry Baking and Ice Cream for Parties and Entertainments.

All orders will be promptly filled and delivered to any part of the city if desired.

Brown Bros. Lumber Co.,

Manufacturers and Wholesalers

Price List and all Desired Information promptly furnished.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

H. G. ROBBINS,

Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in

LATH, PICKETS,

and Curtain Rolls

Small Dimensions a Specialty.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

"SOO" LUMBER CO.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

LUMBER.

ROUGH OR DRESSED.

PROMPT SHIPMENTS A SPECIALTY.

Special Bills to Order.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

HALLET & PRENZLOW,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

MEAT,

Fish, Game and Poultry

RHINELANDER, WIS.

YOU CAN GET JOB PRINTING!

At The New North Office which will be more satisfactory than is usually the experience in patronizing country offices.

At The New North Office which will be more satisfactory than is usually the experience in patronizing country offices.

LIVERY AND BOARDING

STABLE.

The Best of Carriages and Horses on hand day or night. Careful drivers furnished when desired. Moderate Charges. Give us a call.

W. D. JOSLIN & CO.

F. A. HILDEBRAND, FURNITURE

My Stock is Complete and my Prices Reasonable. Your Patronage is solicited.

An expert embalmer and funeral director in readiness at all times. Call before purchasing.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

Northwestern Land Agency.

DEALER IN FIRE AND HARDWOOD FARMING LANDS AND Village Property.

Will attend to surveying lands for lumbermen and others wishing the same to be done, on short notice and at reasonable prices. Have had 22 years experience in estimating pine timber in Northern Wisconsin. Will attend to the payment of taxes, burning of woodlands and protection of lands from trespass. I have a complete set of plat books of every township in Lincoln, Price, Ashland, Iron, Chippewa and Oneida counties. Separate plots of any township sold at \$1 each. I have the full notes of many townships in Oneida county and will soon have them all complete. Call and see notes and plots and get information where to get good homesteads.

Address

E. S. SHEPARD,

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE, LAKESHORE & WESTERN RY.

Through Sleeping and Parlor Car Lines

FAST TRAINS

BETWEEN CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE.

Appleton, Wausau and Ashland

THE GEORGE, PENROK and METROPOLITAN IRON AND MINERAL RANGES.

MURRY, IRONWOOD, BESSEMER and WAKEFIELD, The Manufacturing Centers and Lumbering Districts of Central and Northern Wisconsin.

SHAWANO, MANITOWOC, KAUKAUNA, APPLETON, WAUKESHA, AND RHINELANDER.

DIRECT LINE

Via NEW LONDON Jc. and G. R. W. & T. P. Ry.

FOR—

ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS,

Via ASTLAND and NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

SUPERIOR, DULUTH,

PACIFIC COAST and Intermediate Points.

Guide Books, Maps, Time Cards, and full information furnished on application to the General Passenger Agent.

Milwaukee City Office, Wisconsin st.

Chicago City Office, 197 Clark st.

H. F. WHITCOMB, General Manager.

ERNEST VILJET, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

RUNS

Fast Trains with Pullman Ventilated Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Fast Trains with Pullman Ventilated Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland and Duluth.

LIVERY AND BOARDING

STABLE.

The Best of Carriages and Horses on hand day or night. Careful drivers furnished when desired. Moderate Charges. Give us a call.

W. D. JOSLIN & CO.

F. A. HILDEBRAND, FURNITURE

My Stock is Complete and my Prices Reasonable. Your Patronage is solicited.

An expert embalmer and funeral director in readiness at all times. Call before purchasing.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

Northwestern Land Agency.

DEALER IN FIRE AND HARDWOOD FARMING LANDS AND Village Property.

Will attend to surveying lands for lumbermen and others wishing the same to be done, on short notice and at reasonable prices. Have had 22 years experience in estimating pine timber in Northern Wisconsin. Will attend to the payment of taxes, burning of woodlands and protection of lands from trespass. I have a complete set of plat books of every township in Lincoln, Price, Ashland, Iron, Chippewa and Oneida counties. Separate plots of any township sold at \$1 each. I have the full notes of many townships in Oneida county and will soon have them all complete. Call and see notes and plots and get information where to get good homesteads.

Address

E. S. SHEPARD,

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE, LAKESHORE & WESTERN RY.

Through Sleeping and Parlor Car Lines

FAST TRAINS

BETWEEN CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE.

Appleton, Wausau and Ashland

THE GEORGE, PENROK and METROPOLITAN IRON AND MINERAL RANGES.

MURRY, IRONWOOD, BESSEMER and WAKEFIELD, The Manufacturing Centers and Lumbering Districts of Central and Northern Wisconsin.

SHAWANO, MANITOWOC, KAUKAUNA, APPLETON, WAUKESHA, AND RHINELANDER.

DIRECT LINE

Via NEW LONDON Jc. and G. R. W. & T. P. Ry.

FOR—

ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS,

Via ASTLAND and NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

SUPERIOR, DULUTH,

PACIFIC COAST and Intermediate Points.

Guide Books, Maps, Time Cards, and full information furnished on application to the General Passenger Agent.

Milwaukee City Office, Wisconsin st.

Chicago City Office, 197 Clark st.

H. F. WHITCOMB, General Manager.

ERNEST VILJET, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

RUNS

Fast Trains with Pullman Ventilated Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Fast Trains with Pullman Ventilated Drawing Room Sleepers